

HARRY P. CALLAHAN: THE CALLAHAN FAMILY AND RANCH

Interviewee: Harry P. Callahan

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Description

Since the 1860s ranchers have raised hay and run livestock on rocky but well-watered meadows astride the confluence of Galena and Jones creeks a few miles south of Reno. However, the site is now becoming more valued for its scenic vistas and its proximity to Reno and Lake Tahoe than for its suitability to agriculture. As development encroaches, an era is quickly ending. In 1985 Harry P. Callahan, the patriarch of the family that has been there longest, was interviewed. This oral history is the product of that work.

Harry Callahan was born in 1895. He is the grandson of Matt Callahan, an Irish immigrant who owned the major brickyards in Carson City and Virginia City during the years of the Bonanza. By 1883, the Comstock Lode was practically exhausted. Many mines had closed, and those that remained were not very active. The demand for bricks consequently declined, and Matt sold his Virginia City brickyard and bought the Jacob Griner homestead in the Steamboat Hills, a few miles north of Washoe City. Even though he had no experience, he was determined to become a rancher, concentrating on dairying. Within a few years additional parcels of land had been acquired, and the ranch was providing a livelihood for the Callahan family, in whose possession it remains today.

Harry Callahan's oral history is largely an account of life on the ranch from 1884 through the post-World War II years. It contains descriptions of rural schooling, Indian-white relations, the economic matrix of the region, property and water rights struggles, and other topics common to ranching in western Nevada in that period. Mr. Callahan also describes his experiences as a U.S. Forest Service ranger in the 1920s, when family and economic pressures periodically forced him to find employment off the ranch.

Like most ranches along the eastern Sierra, the Callahan ranch went through some permutations over the years, largely in response to changes in the West's agricultural economy. For example, by the 1940s it was clear that dairying on a small scale was no longer profitable, and Mr. Callahan gradually transformed the family operation into one that principally raised beef cattle. Early years on the ranch were punctuated by property and water rights conflicts, and similar controversies have arisen in a modern context in the 1980s—as with so many Nevada ranchers, the Callahans are feeling pressure from land development interests. This oral history is more than a personal memoir: the experiences of Harry Callahan and his family are reflective of much that has been typical of ranch life on the rim of the Great Basin.

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An Oral History Conducted by N.J. Broughton
Edited by R.T. King and Helen M. Blue

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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CONTENTS

Preface to the Digital Edition	ix
Original Preface	xi
Introduction	xiii
1. Establishing the Callahan Ranch	1
2. Life in Virginia City and on the Ranch, 1896-1918	7
3. Marriage, Family and Employment, 1918-1943	19
4. Running the Ranch	29
5. Epilogue	39
Photographs	43
Original Index: For Reference Only	47

PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler’s meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

ORIGINAL PREFACE

Since 1965 the University of Nevada Oral History Program (unohp) has produced over 200 works similar to the one at hand. Following the precedent established by Allan Nevins at Columbia University in 1948 (and perpetuated since by academic programs such as ours throughout the English-speaking world) these manuscripts are called oral histories. Unfortunately, some confusion surrounds the meaning of the term. To the extent that these 'oral' histories can be read, they are not oral, and while they are useful historical sources, they are not themselves history. Still, custom is a powerful force; historical and cultural records that originate in tape-recorded interviews are almost uniformly labeled 'oral histories', and our program follows that usage.

Among oral history programs, differences abound in the way information is collected, processed and presented. At one end of a spectrum are some that claim to find scholarly value in interviews which more closely resemble spontaneous encounters than they do organized efforts to collect

information. For those programs, any preparation is too much. The interviewer operates the recording equipment and serves as the immediate audience, but does not actively participate beyond encouraging the chronicler to keep talking. Serendipity is the principal determinant of the historical worth of information thus collected.

The University of Nevada's program strives to be considerably more rigorous in selecting chroniclers, and in preparing for and focussing interviews. When done by the UNOHP, these firsthand accounts are meant to serve the function of primary source documents, as valuable in the process of historiography as the written records with which historians customarily work. However, while the properly conducted oral history is a reliable source, verifying the accuracy of all of the statements made in the course of an interview would require more time and money than the UNOHP's operating budget permits. The program can vouch that the statements were made, and that the chronicler has approved the edited manuscript, but it does not assert

that all are entirely free of error. Accordingly, our oral histories should be approached with the same caution that the prudent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries and other sources of historical information.

Each finished manuscript is the product of a collaboration—its structure influenced by the directed questioning of an informed, well-prepared interviewer, and its articulation refined through editing. While the words in this published oral history are essentially those of Mr. Callahan, the text is not a *verbatim* transcription of the interview as it occurred. In producing a manuscript, it is the practice of the UNOHP to employ the language of the chronicler, but to edit for clarity and readability. By shifting text when necessary, by polishing syntax, and by deleting or subsuming the questions of the interviewer, a first-person narrative with chronological and topical order is created. Mr. Callahan has reviewed the finished manuscript of his oral history and affirmed in writing that it is an accurate representation of his statements.

The UNOHP realizes that there will be some researchers who prefer to take their oral history straight, without the editing that was necessary to produce this text; they are directed to the tape recording. Copies of all or part of this work and the tapes from which it is derived are available from:

The University of Nevada
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INTRODUCTION

Since the 1860s, ranchers have raised hay and run livestock on rocky but well-watered meadows astride the confluence of Galena and Jones creeks a few miles south of Reno. However, the site is now becoming more valued for its scenic vistas and its proximity to Reno and Lake Tahoe than for its suitability to agriculture. As development encroaches, an era is clearly ending. In 1985, to capture memories and stories of ranching in this area, Nancy J. Broughton of the UNOHP staff began a series of interviews with Harry P. Callahan, the patriarch of the family that has been there longest. This oral history volume is the product of that work.

Harry Callahan was born in 1895. He is the grandson of Matt Callahan, an Irish immigrant who owned major brickyards in Carson City and Virginia City during the years of the Bonanza. By 1883, the Comstock Lode was practically exhausted. Many mines had closed, and those that remained were not very active. The demand for bricks consequently declined, and Matt sold his Virginia City brickyard and bought the Jacob

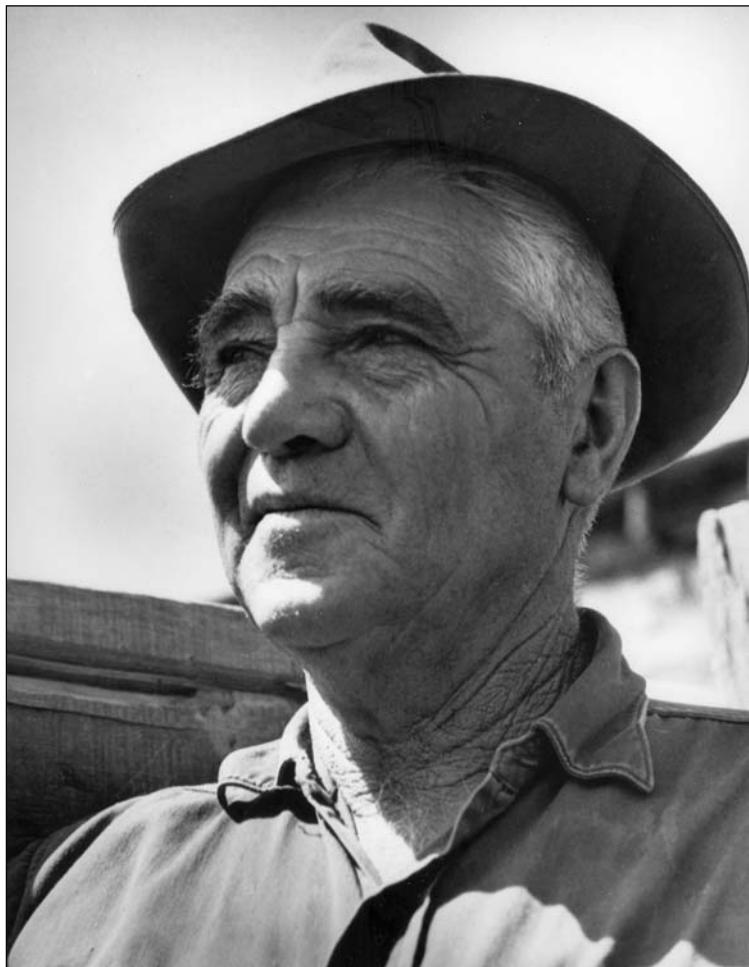
Griner homestead in the Steamboat Hills, a few miles north of Washoe City. Even though he had no experience, he was determined to become a rancher, concentrating on dairying. Within a few years additional parcels of land had been acquired, and the ranch was providing a livelihood for the Callahan family, in whose possession it remains today.

Harry Callahan's oral history is largely an account of life on the ranch from 1884 through the post-World War II years. It contains descriptions of rural schooling, Indian-white relations, the economic matrix of the region, property and water rights struggles, and other topics common to ranching in western Nevada in that period. Mr. Callahan also describes his experiences as a Forest Service ranger in the 1920s, when family and economic pressures periodically forced him to find employment off the ranch.

Like most ranches along the eastern Sierra, the Callahan ranch went through some permutations over the years, largely in response to changes in the West's agricultural economy. For example, by the 1940s it

was clear that dairying on a small scale was no longer profitable, and Mr. Callahan gradually transformed the family operation into one that principally raised beef cattle. Early years on the ranch were punctuated by property and water rights conflicts, and similar controversies have arisen in a modern context in the 1980s—as with so many Nevada ranchers, the Callahans are feeling pressure from land development interests. The reader will find this oral history to be more than a personal memoir: the experiences of Harry Callahan and his family are reflective of much that has been typical of ranch life on the rim of the Great Basin.

R. T. King
University of Nevada-Reno
December, 1988



HARRY P. CALLAHAN, 1975
PHOTO BY KAMINSKI STUDIOS

ESTABLISHING THE CALLAHAN RANCH

My Grandfather, Matt Callahan, was the first of my family to come to Nevada. He was born in Manchester, England, but I don't know exactly when he came over to the United States. He moved around quite a bit. He talked about a brother of his by the name of Tom Callahan, who once got into a gang fight on the Mississippi River. Matt was knocked out, and when he came to, his brother was gone. He never did hear of him again. He said his brother was a good swimmer. He could have swam across or got to safety, but in them days you could probably be within 100 yards of a man and might not even know it. He probably was killed and thrown overboard.

My grandfather did not come straight to Nevada. I know he had brickyards in Sacramento, California. Him and his brother, Phil, had brickyards there and in Susanville at different times. When he came west Matt met Phil in Sacramento. Phil had a family in Sacramento, and they were in the brick business there. Their father was a brickmaker by trade, and they learned the brick business

from him in England. I do not know why the boys left England, but there was a big family. My grandfather was the youngest of 13, I think it was. He was a twin.

In time, my grandfather and his brother dissolved their partnership, and Grandfather came to Nevada in 1863. I know that the family was still in Virginia City in 1884 when they bought the Jacob Griner ranch. My dad was born in Virginia City and was about 20 years old when they came to the ranch at Galena Creek in 1884.

Grandfather had had a brickyard up in Virginia City—on Ridge Street, I think, below the main street there. As far as I know, his was the only brickyard in Virginia City. He made most all the brick that's built the houses in Virginia City. He also made the brick for that Catholic church up there. Grandfather got into politics in Virginia City, and then I think he lost considerable money when the town went bad.

Grandfather had owned a brickyard in Carson City, too. Him and Senator Newlands shook hands on a contract for constructing

the building that used to be the post office in Carson City. Senator Newlands didn't come through on the agreement, and my grandfather lost \$80,000 in that one building there. He made the bricks for that building, but he didn't get paid. He lost \$80,000 in that building.

Grandfather married an Irish girl by the name of Annie Farren. They had three sons and two daughters. One of the daughters was kidnapped—the woman that was taking care of her stole her. They recovered the baby, but the baby never got over it. She died, and so the only girl they ever raised was also named Annie, and she stayed here on the ranch and later married James Murphy, who was a sheepman in the area.

Grandfather's three sons were Matt, Phil and Jim. Jim was an Irish tenor, and sang in San Francisco, Piper's Opera House, and many other places. He didn't do much work on the brickyard, but Matt and my father, Phil, worked the brickyard with their father.

* * * * *

Harry Farren was my grandmother Annie's father, and that's where I get my name. He was a schoolteacher and a blacksmith. He taught school during the school year and blacksmithed during the vacation. I imagine he done blacksmith work afterwards, too. He had a son by the name of George Farren. I sometimes write to his family even yet back there in Ireland. Annie's parents never were in America. They never came over. She and her sister, Mary, came over, and there was cholera on the ship when they came over, but they didn't get it. My grandfather never met Annie until after she got to America. My aunt Mary married Jack Pryor and had one son named Jack Pryor of Carson City. He ran the Carson paper, the

Carson Appeal. She lived her last five years on the ranch with us.

When my grandparents lived in Virginia City, my grandmother used to visit different people, and they were all very hospitable. They always had liquor, you know; my dad used to say that if my grandmother got a spoonful of whiskey, it went to her head, and she was real upset about anything that might go wrong.

One day, while she was coming home from a friend's home, she went in and seen a fortune-teller. This fortune-teller told her that my grandfather had a dark-completed girlfriend that he was seeing. So she come down to the brickyard really in a bad state of mind. My grandfather happened to be up on top of the hot brick kiln, trying to get the openings in certain places adjusted and closing certain places so that he could get a good kiln. That was the main thing of making brick, the burning of it. That took an expert to do it.

Grandfather was up there doing things he should have done, and she took the ladder down off the kiln, and then she throwed bricks at him, and wouldn't let him come down. Of course, it was so hot up there he couldn't have stayed up there long without perishing from the heat. One man had to take her, pull her away, so that he could get down! [laughs] Then she said, "You old hypocrite! You and your do-si-do." She said, "Me, a bird alone in the house?" [laughs] She called this woman a do-si-do, whatever that means. I don't know. Anyhow, my grandfather said it wasn't true, but whether it was or not I can't say. I wasn't around here at the time.

* * * * *

When my grandparents bought the Griner ranch in 1884, our family was a potential

hazard to the neighbors, you know. It was a case of self-preservation, that's all. I can't really say I blame them, in a way, although we were quite bad enemies for a while. I seen my dad and them have fistfights, and my grandfather used to knock them in the creek with a shovel and make them put the dams back in the creek. This whole thing had to do with water rights and cattle. See, at the time there was many people who run cattle all through this area. No people lived here like there is now, and cattle ended up all over here. Not only our cattle, but everybody's. Well, it was mostly the Smith's cattle and Takino's and Faretto's and who-have-you. And naturally, they didn't want us here, and I can understand why—even though we were legal owners of the ranch. And the reason we had the ranch was because the other owners were tired of fighting over the water.

There was open range, and our cattle would be more cattle on it, and then if we owned some of the range, that lessened their chance of possibly running more cattle. As for water rights, we were upstream from these people. We bought the ranch from old people that were more or less tired of fighting or were too old to fight. And the neighbors just didn't want to get some new blood in there to fight, which was the case.

The Farettoes and Takinos were Italian, but not all the neighbors were. There were some Mormons—the Smiths were Mormons, you see. And there was the Daltons, and.... The Farettoes that lived on the Steamboat Springs ranch are all dead except for Daisy Faretto, and she lives in Sparks. There was John and Pete and Daisy and Lena, but they're all dead, outside of Daisy. I think the Italian parents more or less made the marriage matches instead of the young people. I know that they even married into cousins and things like that in order to keep more or less the family blood.

Two Faretto brothers, John and Pete, were teamsters. They were the ones that lived at Steamboat. They were known to be two of the greatest teamsters that the country ever knew. On a \$100 bet, they turned a 16-horse team and three ore wagons on C Street in Virginia City one day. My dad saw it. I'll bet you there isn't a teamster in the world who can do it today.

* * * * *

My grandfather had no experience at ranching. He told me that he was doing some plowing one time, and one of his neighbors from the valley came up. Grandfather was sharpening a plowshare; he had it turned up, and the fellow said, "You shouldn't do that." He said, "All you have to do is raise the doubletrees on the team, and it will pull the plow down itself."

Grandfather said if he was left alone his first year here, he'd have left of his own accord on not knowing how to do it. Additionally, the people down below our ranch were against us, because they didn't want to lose access to the range. They had the range at that time—the people below—and they had water and things like that. They didn't want us, and they made life as miserable for us as they could.

When Grandfather started out, he ran a dairy right at the ranch and he delivered. People could come to the ranch and buy things, but most of the stuff they raised, they had a wagon and they used to go up to Virginia City with their products to market. They went mostly to Virginia City, because they came from there, and they knew everybody there. I think it was 16 to 17 miles, all uphill. They went up the Luther Grade. That was the best grade that there ever was to Virginia City, as for the steepness and things. It's been out of commission for a long time.

You entered the Luther Grade right on top of the Washoe Hill, anywhere up there. There's still marks of it. And where the old ox teams used to go there, right in solid rock, the wheels cut down into that in some places six or eight inches deep. It was badly washed out, and we used the Jumbo Grade after that.

* * * * *

My grandparents later bought the Ghiglieri ranch in the hard winter of 1889-1890. It was north of their ranch. The reason they bought it was that their cattle got snowed in here, and they ate all of the hay that the Ghiglieris owned. It took us a week to go through the deep snow a half a mile to their place, and we lost one heifer on the way over there. It snowed every day in February. We had so much snow, it lasted into the summer of 1890.

Now, the Ghiglieris had left to go to their family home, and they didn't come back until the next spring. When they got back, all the hay was eaten, because the cows would have died otherwise. Of course, the Ghiglieris were really upset, and you couldn't wonder at it. But in them days there was no telephones, no way of getting in contact, and we would have lost about 50 head of cattle if we hadn't done what we did. A lot of people that year cut willows and things like that to feed their cattle, and then lost thousands of them. So to straighten the situation out, we bought the ranch. That was in the winter of 1889 and the spring of 1890.

The Ghiglieris lived down in Sparks in the winter. Some of them still live there. If they ran any cattle during the winter, they brought them down to that lower ranch. But they left hay on the Galena ranch for their spring work. Of course, when they come back, there was no hay, and they didn't have anything to do

their spring work. And I guess if we hadn't been Irish, we'd've been whipped that day! [laughs] They just didn't have any hay, and in them days, you know, it was hard to haul hay up there. They said they just couldn't do their spring work, and the whole year would be spoiled, so that was how my family happened to buy the Ghiglieri ranch. It was about 160 acres.

Then my dad later bought the Reynolds place. That was an old soldier's allotment of 160 acres. He bought that, I think, in 1908. Patrick Reynolds was the owner's name, but he had already died, and my father bought it through Patty Hogan in Reno. Hogan owned the Grand Central Saloon in Reno. I don't remember exactly how much Dad paid, but it wasn't a lot of money. Land was a lot cheaper in them days than it is now, and it's going to get worse before it gets better.

* * * * *

Grandmother was a very busy person. She raised ducks and chickens and things like that, and she thought a lot of her ducks and things. I remember there was a swamp down below the house, and the ducks would get into it. She would wade in the swamp, chasing the ducks home. She'd have mud clear up above her knees, and she'd come home and have to take a bath. And some of the ducks went down the creek, and she never *did* see them, of course.

She used to set traps for the skunks. The skunks used to kill her chickens. She'd set a trap, and I remember one time she caught a skunk in the trap and she had a little stick about two feet long. She went and killed the skunk, and of course the skunk just perfumed her pretty well. They had to bury her clothes, and they had an awful time getting the smell off of her. I remember that!

[laughs] I remember seeing her killing the skunk, and she was batting him over the head. She says, "Kill me chickens, damn you! Kill me chickens, will you? I'll fix you!" My grandmother died in March, 1924. She was a special person to me.

* * * * *

One thing about my grandfather, he had a habit that his son, Jim, picked up. Whoever came to the ranch—it don't matter if it was men, women, children, or who it was—they had their coffee in bed. He got up at 4:00 in the morning, and brought coffee to everybody in bed. I know one time my mother's mother came down to the ranch, and he brought coffee to her, and I know it caused a little friction between him and his wife because he brought coffee to *her*. But I know that everybody—it'd make no difference who it was—got their coffee in bed. Everyone.

* * * * *

My grandfather died on November 30, 1906, and was buried in Virginia City. I heard my dad say that that was his old stomping grounds, and they wanted to bury him up there. We didn't have the graveyard at the ranch at that time.

2

LIFE IN VIRGINIA CITY AND ON THE RANCH, 1896-1918

I was born on July 1, 1895, about 50 feet from where I live right now. I'm the oldest of 12 children, and all but one of us were born on the ranch. After me came Florence, Gertrude, Alice, Ann, Jesse, Elizabeth, Ethel, Lila, Jack and George. Jack's 13 years younger than I am. Phyllis was the youngest one. She was the only one born off the ranch. She's the only one that had a doctor, but she died. The rest of us had a midwife.

My father was a hard working man, and a very, very honest man. He hated whiskey with a passion. He wouldn't even eat a piece of mince pie if it had brandy in it. He was death against whiskey because his brothers drank quite a bit. If there was anybody that ever had a mania to keep the ranch and to make a ranch out of it, it was my dad. If it wasn't for my dad, I don't believe there would be a Callahan ranch. And lots of times the brothers would drink a little too much, and they'd spend too much money, and he really hated that. He was a man that believed that

if he believed a certain thing, that's the way it was.

My dad went to the Fourth Ward School in Virginia City. In his education, my father got up almost to high school, and then he played hooky, and his father caught him and then made him come on the brickyard to go to work instead of get an education. He told me that his dad told him that education was wasted on a boy like him, so he put him to work in the brickyard.

Growing up in Virginia City, Dad was quite a scrapper. They wanted him to get into boxing, but he never did. But he was a scrapper. He fought a lot of men bigger than he was, and he come out on top. And I knew him to do that many years on the ranch.

Dad was growing up in Virginia City during its really boom days. He told me stories about him and his brothers making little wagons, and they used \$20 pieces for the hind wheels and \$10 pieces for the front wheels. Money was just like dirt in them

days, I suppose, the way things were. I've even heard that the Bowers Mansion had gold and silver doorknobs and things like that.

* * * * *

My mother's name was Annie Elizabeth Powell. She was born March 18, 1876 in Carson City, and died November 13, 1952. Her father's name was John Wesley Powell, and her mother's name was Jemima. John Powell was a blacksmith, as far as I know. He worked for the V & T [Virginia and Truckee] Railroad for a while.

My dad was working in the United States Mint, and he and my mother met two years before I was born. After my parents married in 1893, they moved to the ranch and they lived in the same house with my grandparents. That was one thing that didn't work out too good. All Dad's brothers and his sister were there, too. My mother didn't do much talking, but I know that it was tough on her. My uncle Jim was married at the same time, and had his wife there. My uncle Matt never did marry. They had hard times, you know, making payments and things like that. And not that alone—they had their ups and downs, and sometimes they'd have a scrap and my dad would leave.

My mother was a wonderful person. I don't think there was ever a better person on earth than my mother. She not only took care of her own family, but if there's anybody sick in the neighborhood, she went. She'd stay up all night, and then work the next day. She was a wonderful person. My mother was good at being a midwife. There were two hospitals in Reno—Saint Mary's and Washoe General—but most ranch women had home births.

My mother was a very staunch Catholic, but when she first married, she wasn't. I

was the first child, and I had two uncles, an aunt, and an old aunt, Mary Pryor, who was a sister to my grandmother. When I was little, they gave me *too much* care. If I would get a little sick, each one of them would advocate something, and I got everything. Consequently, when I was about a year and a half old, the doctor told them that they had completely ruined my stomach and he didn't think I would live, because of all the different things that they gave me. They were gradually killing me with kindness; that's exactly what they were doing.

When the doctor told them that my stomach was gone so bad from the patent medicines and things like that, my grandmother's sister told my mother to go to Virginia City and have Father John's book read over us. My mother said, "Well, I'm not a Catholic, but if it'll help him, I'm all for it." When I got over it and got to feeling good, my mother kept a-going to church. She thought that the christening and the religion helped me. My mom became such a good Catholic because of all this. Personally, I feel it was just because I was under her care and didn't have to take all the medicines. I still believe in God and all that, but I think that God helps those who helps themselves.

Every one of us kids had whooping cough. One would start coughing, and then everyone in the whole bunch would go through it. They had honey and alum to stop the coughing. Mostly it was honey and what they called Jane's expectorant. Whatever medicines they had, I got them all! First my dad would dose me, then I'd cough again and somebody else would. They just damn near killed me. I must have been a tough son of a gun.

Then my father and my uncle Matt had a scrap—a fight—and my dad moved our family up to Virginia City. That way, my mother and I were away from the relatives. My aunt

Annie came up to see me about two months after I got there, and I had grown so much that she didn't even know me. My mother had me alone, see. After that, my other sister, Florence, came along. A lot of times I was a little too young to remember.

* * * * *

Occasionally my father would go up to the mines in Virginia City to work. He even worked there in 1916, when my sisters were all old enough to go to high school. I wanted to join the navy awfully bad, but my dad begged me to stay on the ranch so he could take the children and get them to go to school. He says, "You've got a fine looking bunch of sisters, and you know what's going to happen if I turn them loose." So I stayed in ranching.

He went to work up on the mines, and I went up there and visited him in the mines, down to the 2,900-foot level. All they had was just what they called digging pants. No shirt, and just digging shoes and socks. It was so hot that they had ice always sent down there, and while he was working his partner was playing a cold water hose on him. Each one would work three minutes, and then they'd have the other one work, and the first would play a hose on him. Even then, why, the water wasn't enough sometimes. I've seen them take and grab a chunk of ice as big as your fist and rub it on the chest and the back of their necks.

At that time, they had no electricity, and they made their own ice during the winter in Virginia City. Prior to that they cut it from various ice ponds around. A man by the name of Haskell had an ice pond down below the Callahan ranch, and he used to cut ice in the wintertime and then haul it up. They had a big icehouse west of Washoe School, but that was a long time ago. They had a big icehouse

there, and they'd haul it up to Virginia City with oxen.

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When I was three years old, we moved up to the upper place on the ranch. That's the first place you come to there when you enter the ranch from Mount Rose Highway on Callahan Road...that house on the east side of the road—the big green house. The first one you come to on the right side was the milker's house. That was part of the Ghiglieri ranch, and it's right next to the Reynolds place. My grandparents continued to live on the lower ranch until they died, and my aunt and uncles did, too. Matt got the lower place where I am living now, and Annie got the place west of the Ghiglieri ranch. Annie married Jim Murphy, and they built a house there. My dad and mom lived up at the upper place. My father died in 1940 and my mother in 1952.

When we moved into the upper house my father and mother built—the one that's there now—we had the floor down and the studding up. You can imagine how it was with all these people living in one place. We lived a little frugally, I guess, and they moved us up there before they had any walls; just the studding was up and the rafters, but there was nothing to keep the elements out. In April, we had a snowstorm—about a foot of snow. The old-type wooden beds had a high head, and the foot was lower. My mother and father put all us kids in one bed, and then they took and put boards from the head of the bed to the foot, to make a shelter. I remember us kids, we'd slip our feet out into the snow outside the bed; [laughs] we'd have a hell of a time. All of a sudden about a little after daylight, my grandfather come up. Boy, he was red-eyed. He told my dad, he says, "I'll give you 15 minutes to get them kids dressed and get

them down in my house, or I'm going to call the sheriff." [laughs]

I was a grown man before they built onto my mother and dad's house, and we were pretty crowded. About four or five rooms was all we had until they built that front part on the house. There was very few people seen in them days that come in...company. The roads were rough, and they were all wagons, and the people didn't travel around very much, you know. You didn't go off and see very many people. We were a long ways away from what you call civilization, I guess, and there wasn't a great many people came. When they did, why.... That was one thing especially about my grandfather: no matter who came, I don't care who it was, he'd go out and tie their horses up, and, "Come on in and the women will have a very nice meal for you in a very few minutes." That was his way of talking. Sometimes the women were really upset, because they *didn't* always have things that they needed and were probably ashamed that they didn't have things to cook like they needed. We always had stuff for ourselves, but we liked to put on a little bit for company. The womenfolks used to get so upset with him.

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Our ranch was threatened by fire many times. I remember when Galena Hill east of my ranch had a timber fire on it. It was 1914, and I was a young man of 19 years. My grandmother and her house were in danger, and I had to take her to safety. The fire was

so bad that you couldn't see the house or anything. My cousin and I went in to rescue my grandmother, and we had quite a time with her. She wanted to burn up with the house. She was about around 75 to 80 years old at that time. She was an old Irish lady, and she said she wanted to burn. She said,

"I want to go with me house." This was the house I live in now.

We was black as niggers from fighting the fire, and I asked her, "Don't you know me?"

"Damn right I know you," she says. [laughs] "I'm going to stay here anyway."

But we got her out into the field, and that smoke was bad. The funny part of that fire was that it left the house and the corrals and the haystacks—went round it and took that whole hill and took everything else. It went right around us! It was just a miracle. Fire does some funny things.

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My dad had a big barn. It was just west of where the bridge is now, and it was quite a big barn. He had a hay barn in the center and then a shed on each side. I remember I used to sleep in the barn on hay. I had one cousin who was infatuated with a girl there, but my other cousin, his brother, was a little bit huskier...he was the top dog, in other words, and he had the girls. And I used to get up there in the barn and train the former cousin at night. We'd strip off there and get up there on that hay, and I used to train him so he could fight his brother. He used to tell me...he had a kind of a funny way of lisping; he says, "I love Avis, and Avis loves me. If I just get rid of that Bill, I will be all right."

And I'd tell him, "I'll train you to fight." I used to spar with him, and I'd get him where the ties were across to hold the barn from spreading. I'd get him close to the pole, and I'd give him a haymaker, and he'd fall over it and roll down five or six feet into the hay. [laughs] "Jesus Christ!" he said. "Don't hit so hard!"

He'd fight his brother. I'd tell him, "Why, I think you're all right now. I think you can whip him." He'd challenge him, and he'd get the hell knocked out of him, and then I'd have

to train him all over again! [laughs] He never won his girl.

Avis was the schoolteacher's sister, and she was the most ugliest damn-looking girl I think I've ever seen! She had such a pug nose that the inside of her nose stuck right out at you! [laughs] She was anything but appealing to me, but he thought she was all right. I wouldn't have fallen for her if she was the only girl on earth.

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I think my mother did most of the disciplining in my family. My dad's word was the law; there's no two ways about that. But I think my mother was the disciplinarian. There's an awful tender part in my heart for her.

When I was growing up my mother made a lot of our clothes. My grandmother did, too. My dad had a friend that run a shoe store, and he knew my mother when she worked for Logan, before she married my dad. I've seen my dad go to town and probably buy a whole tub full of shoes for all us kids. But my mom made practically all the clothes, and my grandmother Burke used to make a lot of clothes and bring them out to us kids.

When my mother and father shopped in town, I think it was mostly at J.C. Penney. Of course, my mother used to sometimes send to Montgomery Ward or Sears for catalog merchandise, which was shipped out to us on the V & T Railroad.

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My dad wasn't much for leaving us kids have much fun. Of course, I guess it was because he had a lot of things to do. I had to make my own pleasure, in other words. I remember one time, I used to sneak up

and I'd build little water wheels in the ditch that came down to irrigate the garden. I'd build a water wheel there, and I'd put a spool on it for a pulley wheel, and then I'd have little boats going down the stream. I'd take them way down and then put them on these spools, and then wheel them back to the water wheel—and then I'd take them down again. I remember I was underneath this willow; I thought I was hid away from everybody. Pretty soon, I looked up and there's the old man sitting on his horse, with his hands on his saddlehorn. He said, "I think you'll do a little better down there in that garden pulling weeds." [laughs]

We used to have a pretty good-sized garden. We had to buy staples like flour and sugar, but the ranch supplied most of our food. In the garden we had tomatoes, radishes, parsnips, peas, beans, sweet corn, potatoes—always potatoes. And we used to have a lot of popcorn. Pop it in the wintertime. Any kind of corn was a deal that you might make a crop and you might not because of frosts. Up here, why, late in the spring and early in the fall we'd get frost more than we do down in the lower valley, so we had a short season. Many an hour I put into the garden along with my mother and sisters.

Mostly the girls were in the house. They didn't do much else, only now and then. They'd get out and milk cows sometimes, and sometimes they'd go in the garden. The division of work—like women's work in the house, men's work outside—was not real strict in the family. The girls could go out and do what they pleased. They had a flower garden, and they sometimes worked in the field and garden. They used to go out and milk sometimes, and they helped to separate milk and feed calves. They also did some working of the cattle and riding out on roundup if

they wanted to. They weren't confined to the woman's work of the ranch.

For family use, we raised some cattle, and we used to have a few sheep, but not very many. We also ran a dairy. We used to separate the milk and feed the skim milk to the calves and the pigs and haul the cream to the Crescent Creamery in Reno. My grandfather started that dairy. He had mostly dairy cattle, because they used to make butter and haul the butter to Virginia City.

They raised quite a bit of wheat in days gone by in the lower valley. We raised oats and sometimes barley, and potatoes used to be raised extensively. I never seen such potatoes as I've seen on the Peckham ranch. I've seen sacks so close together you couldn't believe they come out of the ground. Of course, my sister Alice married Ed Peckham. I used to go down sometimes and help them pick potatoes. Them potatoes come out of the ground as you couldn't believe—potatoes 8 to 12 inches long.

We had some fruit trees on our ranch. We got a few apple and plum and pear trees that my grandfather planted. And then we had them old-time English poplars, and they grew so tall we had to top them because they were getting so tall that if they were to fall on the house, they probably would've cut the house in two. When we had to top them, why, then they gradually died. They're practically all gone now.

We gathered chokecherries and elderberries, but we were always scared of mushrooms. I remember my dad reading in the paper when I was quite small about an Italian and his whole family that died of eating the mushrooms. They got the wrong kind, and it killed them. So that was something we stayed clear of. We did go out and get pine nuts quite a bit. We'd take them and put them in a dry place until they opened up. Then we'd

take the nuts out of them. We'd break the pine cones and take the nuts out of them, and then we'd smoke them, and just eat them like that.

We did some trapping—coyotes, especially, if they got to killing the calves and sheep. Once they start to kill the calves, they keep it up until you catch them—certain coyotes. Then after that, it levels down, and then they start killing the calves again. The worst of it is that sometimes a cow would have a calf close to the fence, and the little calf would get on the other side of the fence, and that way the cow couldn't protect it. Then the coyotes would kill it.

To store our food, we just had a root cellar, is all. It kept it cold; it had a lot of dirt on top of it. We did have an icebox in the house. You had to get ice from Reno. After the old icehouse down here went out of commission, which was a long time ago, why, then we had to get ice in Reno. This side of Reno, they had a few ice places that you could buy it there.

My mother and grandmother put up food; they did a lot of canning. My sisters helped with that, and I was busy contending with the cattle and the ranch and things like that. We dried some fruits and vegetables, but not a great deal. Mostly it was put up in cans and bottles. Mostly cans. We had a smokehouse on the ranch, and we smoked meats and made sausage.

We didn't never have a very big blacksmith shop on the ranch. It was just a makeshift situation. We didn't do much blacksmithing. We took it out to a blacksmith to have it done. Lincoln Longfield had a blacksmith shop, and then there was blacksmith shops in Reno. The Ginocchios had a shop. They were Italian people, and they were good blacksmiths.

As soon as we kids were able to do anything, we did it. When I was too little to sit down on a milking stool and reach up and

milk a cow, I used to have to stand up with a little bucket and hold it in one hand and milk with the other. My dad milked with his thumbs inside his hands. He wanted me to milk the way he did, so that's how I got big thumbs. It's the way the Swiss dairymen milk cows. I got so I could milk 12 cows, which is about as good as anybody can do.

My dad used to run a butter wagon up to Virginia City and sometimes I would ride up with him. The worst of it was to try to get through with your business and still get home, because every place you went they wanted you to eat, and they would be hurt sometimes if you didn't. He had regular butter, eggs, and milk customers, and if he stopped at a house to talk to the woman and sell her the eggs and her weekly supply of milk or whatever, they'd start right in and get you something to eat, no matter what time of day it was. Of course, they had a habit of sending for a bucket of beer. They'd send one of the kids for a bucket of beer from the brewery. But it was hard to do your business and get home, because they were very hospitable people.

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I think Virginia City was mostly Irish and Cornish people. They came from England and Ireland mostly. My dad used to tell me stories about them great, husky young fellows that come from the old country. They'd be the picture of health, and then they would get what they call "the rock in the chest"—that's miner's consumption. That killed them, and if you went up there to Virginia City today, you can go out to the graveyards and most of them people were in their twenties and thirties.

My dad told me a lot of stories about Chinese up in Virginia City, and they abused them something awful. The kids used to chase them and throw rocks at them. I guess

they weren't liked because they would work cheaper than the white men would. I think it was a shame the way they let their kids rock them and abuse them.

There used to be a big quartz mill right there at Galena, across from where I live. They used to haul timber up to Virginia City and quartz back. They didn't have electricity in Virginia City in them days to run the mill, so they had to use water power down here, and that's how they crushed the ore. And my dad, for many years, hauled cordwood up there, and sold it. He used a wood wagon and drove four horses. He hauled one-and-a-half cords and sold it for \$10 per cord. He would load the wood one day and haul it to Virginia City the next, stay overnight in Virginia, and come back and load again next day.

A lot of the houses that we got down on the ranch came from Virginia City. We went up there and tore them down and brought them down and rebuilt them. They had a lot better lumber them days than they've got now. Some of that lumber, you wouldn't find a knot in it: it's all first-growth lumber. All the houses we lived in come from Virginia City. We bought them, but they didn't cost very much. We didn't get electricity on the ranch until 1946. We just used kerosene lamps for light, and we heated with wood.

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My family hardly ever used hired hands, but some ranchers around here did. Most of them, when they needed a man, they'd go down to the employment agency in Reno and pick him up there. If they used Indians, most of them were Paiutes. The ranchers went out to get them when they needed them, because the Indians more or less were hunters and trappers and things like that, and they just worked when they got a chance. I think there's

more Indian help in Carson Valley with the Dressler family than there was around here.

When I was growing up, there were Indians living in this area, but not so many young people. The ones that was here were more or less old people. They'd come in sometimes and get willows and make baskets. They had a place down around Washoe City, and I remember them being around Washoe more than any place. They had a camp west of Washoe School when I went to school there in 1908. They also had a camp on the west shore of Washoe Lake. Indians never were very permanent. They'd stay a while one place and then move to a different place. They used to come to the ranch and sell pine nuts.

I remember one time, there was an old Indian—Bill, we called him—and he came along with a big string of squirrels that he'd killed. My grandfather told him, "You ought to be careful with them, because we've been poisoning them. They were ruining the gardens and things."

Boy, he got mad! He took them all, and throwed them all! He said, "You poison squirrel, you poison Indian."

But I don't think thered been any problem, because most of the squirrels looked healthy enough. They had pouches in their jaws where they carried their food, and as long as they were healthy when he killed them, I don't think that they were dangerous. But he throwed them all away. Everything.

A lot of those female Indians—they called them squaws—used to work out sometimes for different families, washing and things like that. They picked potatoes each fall for us. Then they had this old Indian, Bill. There wasn't very many Indians left here at that time. They mostly went up towards Carson Valley, but Bill did work quite a bit for my uncle Jim Callahan when his boys were small. They

worked mostly for Dressler and Dangberg and them down there in Carson Valley.

We had a bad experience once when my aunt Annie was coming home from Washoe. She went down to get the mail on horseback, and an Indian chased her down. I was too young to know just what all happened.... Annie first saw the Indian coming down the road. He tied his horse up, and then he ran after her, and she run down the railroad track. She hollered to a fellow by the name of Emanuel Victor; he was a Portuguese. He had a little ranch down below. He heard her hollering, but he thought it was a bunch of kids. She was screaming.

My grandfather got on a horse; if he'd have found the Indian, he'd have killed him. That was about 1907; I was only about 12 years old. The sheriff caught him in Carson City. Annie had bit a chunk right out of the Indian's hand, and that's the reason they caught him. He had his hand bandaged, and the sheriff had the description of him, and they caught him in Carson. He got 14 years.

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I never even started school until I was 9 years old. I was too far away and too young to get there. First I rode horseback to Washoe School, and I had to be old enough to do that. I'll never forget the first time I rode to school on horseback—when I walked into that school, it was just like going into a strange world. And then they had friends already from these different mining and milling outfits, that were there. They made it pretty rough for me.

Later on, when my sisters got old enough to go to school, then I used to drive them in a spring wagon. I didn't know what it was to have gloves. My sisters would have hot rocks and things, but they'd start crying about the

cold. It was that cold that I used to have to put my hands in between the horse's hind legs to thaw them out enough so I could unharness them. I used to have to have the teacher give me oral work till noon, because I could not sign my name—my hands were just so cold and numb. You can't imagine what I went through to get the education I got—hearing them girls crying with cold and knowing what they were going through, because I was going through it myself. In fact, I had the worst of it, because I was driving the team.

Being older than my classmates didn't bother me. During that time there was mining going on here. There was a lot of mining people, and they had a kind of clique of their own. They used to say there was seven Callahans too many. I used to fight morning, noon and night, and I got so I could fight and beat wildcats. At first my mother told me she didn't want me to fight. Well, I'd come home with black eyes and one thing or another, and my dad told me, "If you don't fight your own battles, I'm going to give you a licking when you get home." So it was only natural that I wanted to fight, but I didn't want to disobey my mother. But after that, why, I could really fight.

My dad was a real fighter. I've seen him whip men. He was about five feet seven inches tall, and he was very slight. But I seen him whip men that weighed 200 pounds. I think I inherited the fighting ability from my dad. I think you're more or less what you are, you know. All you need is the opportunity and things like that.

Kids did pick on my sisters, too. One did expose himself to my sister in the school. Of course, when I seen it I got up—it was right during school hours—and I knocked him out of the seat onto the floor, and the teacher really raised hell with me. She took a dictionary and come down on the top of my

head. I thought she drove my neck into my shoulders. The reason I did it was something that I was ashamed to even talk about to the teacher, but my aunt Annie went down the next day and told her about it. Then it was a different story after that.

I started out going to school at Washoe City. Then when I was 13 years old, my dad traveled all around getting signatures on a petition to get the Galena School started. That was a big help to us. He presented the petition for a school to the department of education. John Edwards Bray was the superintendent of public instruction for the whole state. He had to go through him in order to get it. And then my father and his brother had to build the school themselves. In other words, they bought a building, and he and his brother built the school.

My dad and others finished building the old wooden school at Galena in 1908. Then during the time of the Depression, they had this WPA [Works Progress Administration]. The WPA built the stone school at Galena in 1940. The stone came from our ranch. They took the rocks, and then they had a stonemason, and he'd split the rocks.

Once the Galena School was started we had to have teachers come in. They lived on the ranch with the family, either my uncle's or my father's. The teachers were there at least five nights a week and sometimes seven. On some evenings, some of the schoolteachers would play the piano and the family would sing.

The school district paid the teacher's salary. We boarded the teacher for \$40 a month—board and room. The teacher paid us. She got \$65 a month from the school board. They raised it to \$75 toward the last.

We were real lucky and had awfully nice people for teachers. One of them was from back east, and she was used to heavy snow.

Her name was Simmons. Then we had a girl from Virginia City—Lila Marks. She finally married a fellow from San Francisco. She taught two or three years. Phyllis Barnett was from Virginia City; she taught three years, and then us kids got so rambunctious that she just couldn't keep order. Poor woman...I felt bad after she left. We were hard to manage, especially my cousin Jim and I, but my dad was pretty strict. He saw that we behaved ourselves pretty well. Before we got the schoolhouse we were taught by schoolteachers in my father and mother's house. Of course, under them conditions we had to contend with the old man. If he didn't like the way we was acting, he could always step in. But after we got the schoolhouse, especially after the teacher taught there two or three years and those fellows got old enough, we used to have a lot of fun with our schoolteacher.

Phyllis Barnett had a big cat, and she had it down around the place. My cousin Jim and I took the cat and put it up in the attic when she and Florence went out to the outhouse. When they come back, she looked for her cat, and pretty soon the cat commenced to meowing and meowing up there. She started to give Jim and I a licking, so I grabbed her and put her across the desk, and Jim spanked her. [laughs] She went and cried, and then we felt bad about it, but she didn't tell the old man. That was her third year that she was teaching. The trustees offered her the school the fourth year and she said no, that she couldn't control us anymore! [laughs]

One day we was playing bean bag—you throw the bean bag over the schoolhouse—and finally the bag didn't come back over. I went around to see what was wrong. She seen me and she run into the schoolhouse and sat down at her desk. I went right after her—after the bean bag. She wore these bloomers with a choker of elastic on right above the knee, so

in order to keep me from getting the bean bag she shoved it up inside her bloomers. But I went right after it: "I'll get it! I'll get it!"

"I'll give it to you! I'll give it to you!"

You can understand why the poor woman didn't want to teach another year. [laughs] I ended up finishing through the second year of high school there. My daughters, Mary Ellen, Eileen, and Catherine, and my son, Harry, Jr., went to that school, as well as my grandchildren and nieces and nephews.

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I never smoked, and if I get into a place where there's a lot of tobacco smoke, it makes me sick. It used to be that they had a chair car on the train for the women, where there was no smoking allowed. One day I got in with the women because I couldn't stand smoke, but the car was full so I had to leave. I went out and sat on the open platform because I was sick. The conductor come out and told me, "You can't sit out there."

I said, "Well, I'm not going to sit in that other place in the smoke." So he tied me to the car so I wouldn't get sick and roll off. [laughs]

We used to walk down the canyon to the east of my place and catch the V & T train and go back and forth to Reno or Carson, or Virginia City. We just flagged it down. There was a platform there, and you'd get on there and then you'd wave your hand, and the engineer'd stop. I think they quit that sometime in the 1950s. We would use the train a lot to get to Carson and Reno, especially in the wintertime.

I always liked to ride on the old Virginia and Truckee Railroad. They weren't very big cars, but they were well kept up and real nice. It was a nice little railroad. Ranchers used the Virginia and Truckee to ship wood and cattle, beef and wheat. But the trucks were

more practical. They could take it right to its destination. If they would only have kept the V & T going, it would have been a wonderful tourist attraction.

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We never had any ice skates, but we used to skate with just our shoes, on the ice. We used to have ponds, where we'd build a ditch across a field, and some places there'd be a hollow place and we'd have to dam them up in order to force the water over these knolls. Naturally, they'd fill up in the wintertime, and then they'd freeze over. Then on the creeks, sometimes, we'd skate there.

Most of the time in the wintertime, you couldn't very well get around, and then during the summertime, why, you are so darn busy you just didn't have much time to socialize. We did used to sometimes go for hayrides in the wintertime with a team, and we had a lot of fun that way. And we used to do a lot of sledding in the wintertime, sometimes at night. I remember our overalls would be so wet, they'd freeze solid and you could hear them for a long ways. But we had a lot of fun that way. It was before I was married that I used to do that. After I got married, I didn't have much time. Most of the time was spent trying to make a living. Them days you had plenty to do to worry about your cattle and stuff like that. You just did the best you could and was damn thankful you could do it.

3

MARRIAGE, FAMILY AND EMPLOYMENT, 1918-1943

Since I had to go to work on the ranch, I didn't get as much education as I thought I would like to have, so I figured the only way I could get it was to join the navy. I was all ready to join the navy during World War I, but my dad came to me and said, "I hate to interfere with your idea, but you've got a bunch of real beautiful sisters." And he says, "If I send them to live in town and go to high school without your mother and I going with them, you know about what's going to happen." He says, "I wish you would run the ranch for me and let me go and be with the family while the girls get their education." So that's how I come to lease the ranch from him, and he went to Virginia City.

First Dad went to Carson City, then he went from there to Virginia City. The younger girls and also Jack and my younger brother, George, went with them. They went to Carson School first; then they went to the Fourth Ward School in Virginia City. Of course, Dad was well known in Virginia City because he was born there. This was in 1916 and I was 21 years old. A friend and I leased the ranch together for about eight months.

By the time the United States entered World War I, I had the ranch and I had a lot of problems to leave—cattle, horses, hay and potatoes. They finally drafted me anyhow; I was all ready to go to the service when the armistice was signed. I was going in a day or two. I had quite a lot of responsibility—cattle and things like that—and it took me quite a while in order to get rid of that responsibility and be eligible. I couldn't just walk off and leave those things. Of course, they had these boards that decided whether a man was more important on the ranch or in service for his country. For a while they figured I was worth more on the ranch than I would be in the army, and then as things got worse and worse they decided that I had to turn my cattle over to my cousins. I'd have been gone in a few days.

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I was 21 years old when I met Violet, my wife. My sister Gertrude and she were going to business college together in Reno. One day

in the summer of 1917 they came up on the Virginia and Truckee Railroad to the ranch, and then I got acquainted with her that way. I was 22 when we got married on January 10, 1918.

Violet was beautiful! Her hair was the color of ripe wheat, and she was tall and slender. She could play the piano, and we would sing together. Her family had money and almost disowned her for marrying a poor rancher. But she became a good wife and mother—a hard worker. She could have been a CPA, she was so smart.

Violet was from a mining family. Her mother had a silver and lead mine about 25 miles out of Mina, Nevada, about 1918. They traveled from where she was born in Kimberly, Utah, and they followed the mining. Also, at that time her brother-in-law, P. A. Simon, had the Simon lead mine in Mina. That was quite a mine.

Violet's father was an electrical and mining engineer named Michael Fitzgerald—he was Irish. He was very tall and well educated, but I never knew him. He died before I met Violet. Her mother's maiden name was Ellen Delia Smith. Violet's father was born in New York or Massachusetts, and her mother was born in Utah. Her mother's family was a Mormon family and her father's family were Catholic. Only her mother's family had been Mormon. When I knew them her mother was a Methodist. They had broken away from Mormonism by then.

The Mormons were persecuted pretty hard there for a while, and they did a lot of their work undercover, secretly. And they traveled in different parts of the country. Wherever you see them big tall trees—English poplars, Lombardy poplars and things like that—you know Mormons had been there. They planted the Lombardy poplars wherever they went. Now, even to this day, wherever you see the

trees, you have an idea that Mormons used to live there. The Griners, who owned this ranch before my grandfather bought it, were Mormons. We had poplar trees here that grew 100 feet tall. They died about 1980 and were probably 100 years or more old.

My wife's mother wanted her to come to Reno and take a business course. So her mother sent her to Reno, and that's where she and my sister met. They became real good friends, and that's how I met her. Her mother was still living in Mina, working as a nurse more or less. Also, she had a bunch of boarders, I think, and they had that big Simon lead mine going. Violet was an only child, and then she had a step-sister and two step-brothers. She was the only one of the Fitzgerald family.

I had never had any intention of getting married at that time. It was more Violet's idea than mine. [laughs] Violet had no qualms about moving onto the ranch. She loved the outside, and she loved the ranch. At that time I was running the ranch by myself. My father and mother was in Virginia City. Dad was working in the mines again. He went up there to put the family in high school.

I sold \$8 worth of junk iron to get married. I didn't have a cent other than I went and gathered up a bunch of old junk iron and stuff like that, and I got \$8 for it. And it cost me \$6 for the ring. [laughs] I had \$2 left, and I bought a jug of wine to celebrate our marriage. Then I was completely broke. [laughs] I had enough to buy the marriage license before that.

I got married in Carson City, and we came out on the V & T and walked up the canyon to my mother's place for our honeymoon. We had the ranch to ourselves, at least, at that time. The first person we met was Uncle Murphy; I remember he shook hands and said, "Wish you all kinds of happiness and a

bouncing boy every year," he says. [laughs] I didn't have bouncing boys every year! [laughs]

Violet was really happy to be a rancher's wife. She was young and full of enthusiasm. Violet was a lot of help to the family. She was a good writer, and she is a wonderful person. Oh, we had our faults the same as anybody else. But at least I was always serious and responsible. Most of my life was made in a pretty central way. I never smoked, and I never drank, except that jug of wine on my wedding, and I don't think I drank more than half a glass of that. [laughs]

Violet and I married in 1918. We had seven children: Baye, Evelyn, Mary Ellen, Eileen, Catherine, Bob and Harry. I'm very proud of my children. My son, Bob, is a good rancher. Catherine and Mary Ellen married ranchers. Mary Ellen and Eileen are very good artists, and Evelyn was also a good artist. We have 16 grandchildren, 13 great-grandchildren and one great-great-granddaughter, and many more foster grandchildren and great-grandchildren from Baye, who was a foster parent for 40 years.

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World War I took a lot of the boys away from the ranches. They took my cousin, Jim Callahan, the oldest boy of my uncle's family. He had six younger brothers, so the service took him off the ranch, figuring the young boys in his family could help run my uncle's ranch. Uncle Jim had seven boys and one girl. That made a difference on my uncle's ranch. Jim wasn't so important as I was, because at that time I was the only boy old enough to run our ranch.

The government came into this area and bought horses for the cavalry during the First World War. Later, they also bought cattle

during the foot and mouth disease outbreak in California. We didn't have it here. Cattle were very cheap—like they are now, only worse. Around 1924 a lot of cattle were destroyed due to foot and mouth disease; they just took the steam shovels and dug trenches and then had the cattle driven along by these trenches and shot them. It just killed thousands and thousands of them all across the country.

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I've kept a diary most all my life. I started in 1922 when I started to work for the forest service. They required it, and I've kept it all my life since. Every night I sit down and write what happened during the day, and it's been quite a help to me. If it wasn't for that, a lot of these things I wouldn't have remembered.

I worked for the forest service starting in 1922 as a range rider. I rode the range from here to Incline Village for two days, and then I rode from here to Hunter Creek, and that area by the Truckee River back of Mount Rose, for two days. My job was to watch the sheepherders and watch that they didn't have too big a fire and that they would put their campfires out. If they didn't do it, I did. It was my job to arrest them and give them an expensive citation in order to teach them a lesson. Three years I worked for them, and then I went to work for the BLM for about three years. When I was riding, I kept myself amused by singing...I still love to sing.

I was living on the ranch when I started for the forest service, but my dad had a brother come along then, and he could handle it. And then I was married, and I couldn't get along too well with my dad as I did before. I went to work, and my brother Jack took my place on the ranch. I was the oldest of 12 children, and I realized that my dad had his hands full. As soon as I could take care of myself, I figured it

was my duty to do it, and I did. Frank Sauer and the different neighbors around knew me, and they thought I was responsible. So they talked to the forest officers and got me the job. I put in an application, and then a fellow by the name of Lyons, one of the forest officers, came and interviewed me, and then he interviewed the different people around. People gave me a good recommendation, so I got the job. I got paid \$100 a month, and I had to supply my own horse. Of course, the horse feed mostly I got off of the graze; I just haltered my horses. I broke 14 head of horses that year, so I also got a little for selling the horses that I broke.

On my rides, I'd run into some people that had too large a campfire and sometimes they would build them in dangerous places. I'd always have to make them go along according to rules. And if they were real tough about it, I used to have to give them a citation, and then they had to go to court. I had a lot of chewing matches, but I was always pretty well able to take care of myself. Most people were agreeable to do the right thing. A lot of people don't understand, and a lot of people, if you explain to them, they do understand and they cooperate. I always try to read a person. When I was talking to people, I tried to let them know that it was for their sake. After all, the forests are for everybody, and if you teach them to realize it's their property, and you show them how to do it, most of them will cooperate. Some of them won't.

As for a uniform, I just had the badge and things like that, and a coat or jacket. I wore mostly overalls, because I had to ride horseback, and lots of time I laid under the stars all night if I had to be on a fire or something so that I couldn't get home. I just had to watch a fire until it was clear out.

Sometimes I had to dig ditches from streams, depending on where the fire was.

One time I had a fire in one of the old sawmill sites that they had in 1865, at the time Virginia City was going strong. The sawdust was so deep that I'd get it stopped in one place, but it'd go up and come up in another place, so I had to dig a long ditch and drown it out with water. That was up in Tahoe Meadows, that particular fire was. It was a mill that they used to cut timber for and then haul the timber to the Virginia City mines and things like that. I caught the guys that did it. I kept walking around until I finally found an envelope of one of them that had their name on it, and I sent the thing into Truckee. They caught the guys and arrested them. Each one of them got a \$50 fine. This was 1922.

There was a fair amount of camping up there in the 1920s. Up at Lake Tahoe sometimes a whole family would be there, because the road was clear to the lake. It was in awfully bad shape. The road was so steep that a lot of times I used to have to help people shove their cars up. The Mount Rose Highway was that steep that the wheels would dig holes, and they had to put planks up there in the road. I could go anywhere with a horse, of course, but lots of times I had to help people shove their car up these planks. If they got off the planks, then they'd have to work around trying to get it back on. It was that steep. During the summers there were a lot of people up there, especially around Lake Tahoe.

It was my job to give out fire permits. Permits were free, but I kept a copy as well as giving them to them, and that way I knew the area. The next time I went up, if they'd left the campfire, I had their address and everything. So if they left the campfire burning and it caused any problem, they understood that. And that way if they didn't cooperate, why, it cost them money. Otherwise it didn't.

Of course, one of my jobs was to see that they cleaned up things when they left camp. It

was my job to see that they buried or burned their trash. And if they didn't do what I asked them to do, all I had to do was turn them in to the district ranger.

I did a lot of fishing in the time I worked for the forest service, but I never was much for hunting. I never liked to kill deer. I liked much more to see them running around than to kill them. On my forest patrols, if I come to a stream, I usually tried to catch some fish for supper or the next day. I had the time to do it.

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For fire fighting in the 1920s, all I had was a short shovel and what they call a polaski—a tool with a rake on one side of it and a hoe on the other. It was just a case of hand work. Once in a while you had one of those back pumps, but it was very seldom I ever carried that with me, because you had to have water, and you couldn't very well have water on horses. The main thing you had to use was a shovel. Of course, you had an ax. That's why I always had to have a pack horse as well as a saddle horse, because I had my tools and my food and stuff on the pack horse and I rode the other horse.

I was often the first person on a fire. The first thing I would do would be to look the fire over and figure just whether I had a chance to fight it alone or not. If I could fight it alone I always did it. If I found it got away from me, then I just simply had to leave and go get help. And the sooner I did that the better.

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When I was a forest ranger I was married, and we had a little girl, Baye. My wife and the little girl stayed home, and sometimes they visited her folks in Mina. Part of the time

they lived out at the ranch with my aunt, Mrs. Murphy. After three years, it just didn't pay enough money. But I never had a job that I enjoyed so much. It was a wonderful job.

Later, the second girl, Evelyn, was born, and I just couldn't make a living at \$100 a month. But my wife always had a big garden and canned a lot of food. We lived in a log cabin we had built and used wood for heat. We had to pack our water from the big spring on the lower ranch.

After leaving the forest service I worked in the mines sometimes, anywhere I could get work. I done assessment work for different people, and I worked for the mine right below what they call the Commonwealth silver-lead mine. I also used to haul mine timbers. At that time I had bought the section three, and I cut timber there and hauled it as they needed it. Anything I could do to make a dollar. I always trimmed the timber; I cut the bark off it, and I always used to have a bunch of it already seasoned. If you just took it and it was green, it wouldn't last long—about a year. But if you had the bark off of it and dried it out, it made a lot better timber.

In the wintertimes I stayed on the ranch with my uncle Jim Murphy and my aunt. He had some cattle, and of course I stayed there, where we built the log cabin about a half block from them.

When I was logging, I built what they call a gin pole. It'd sit at about a 45 degree angle with cables on it so as to hold it on the right angle. Then I used to raise the logs up, and line them up and load the railroad cars with the horses, and ship them up to Virginia City.

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The V & T agent didn't like me...a fellow by the name of Coffin. He was the head guy of the railroad company, and he'd leave the

loaded car on the siding till the pressure from the heavy timber would spread the car stakes, and they couldn't go through the railroad tunnel. Then I would have to unload the timber and do it all over again, which was extra labor and expense for me. He did it on purpose, and I told him, "One of these days you'll be damned glad to haul my logs." I used to have to take and haul them up with the horses clear to Virginia City, and that was an awful drive.

Mr. Coffin just didn't like my log business for some reason. Finally I got cables, and then I loaded the cars about four feet up from the bottom of the car floor. I used to haul logs 50 to 60 feet long. I put cables across from one stake to the other, and then I put logs on top of that, and then, of course, the cables would keep the stakes on the car from spreading.

The Con. [Consolidated] Virginia mine was my principal customer. I was selling timber that was probably from 16 inches in diameter at bottom to 6 inches at the top. They'd have to pick back the mine shaft wall every once in a while because the pressure would just break the posts like they were match sticks. They had planks back of these posts that were against the wall, and then you'd have a splint that was sharpened on both ends, and the pressure, when they come together, shoved the planks instead of breaking them; it'd shove the posts and also the planks. Then they'd have to dig back and reset it all and start over again, as I remember.

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After leaving the forest service, I had several other jobs. I worked for the BLM in Reno, then I was the foreman for the Ross ranch for a while, and I worked at Nevada Packing Company in Reno for a while.

I worked for the Sierra Pacific Power Company, putting power lines under pavement and putting electric lines under the ground. That was the time that my oldest boy was born, and it was raining so hard that the water'd run right down your body. They furnished boots, but they didn't furnish any coat. The water'd run right down inside my clothes and body and fill my boots up. I had to lay down on my back and hold my legs up and leave the water run out.

This fellow, whom I used to buy meat from for the ranch, worked for Nevada Packing Company in Reno; he recognized me, and he offered me this job at the packinghouse. It worked out all right for a while, but he was a Swiss, and I've never seen a full-blooded Swiss yet that wasn't hard to get along with. [laughs] He was the foreman in the beef cooler, and he'd leave the orders go till the very last minute before quitting time, and right at the time we were supposed to leave for the day, they'd send these orders over. We'd have to fill them; sometimes we worked two or three hours, and we never got any overtime for it. Well, that didn't satisfy me very much.

One day I had to help him in the cooler where whole beef carcasses hang. I had to take a pole and take these trolleys and stick them in the trolleys and haul them and throw these switches. There was one switch right where we weighed the beef that was very faulty; it was loose. I kept telling him, "You ought to give me a little time to fix it, or get the handyman to fix that. That's going to come down one of these days and hurt somebody."

He would say, "We're going to fix it," but he didn't.

One day I was taking a half of beef to the scales to weigh it, and the thing slipped over, and down come the beef. The trolley weighed 35 pounds, and it come down and hit me on the head and knocked me out. And the beef

come right on top of me, and it took four or five people to take it off of me. When I was coming to consciousness, I could hear him cursing, saying the awfullest names. Finally I commenced to realize that he was cursing *me*. I'd about had enough of it, so I waited till I got recuperated, and I shoved him up against a corner and choked him. Then I hit him a whallop and knocked him down. Then there was four or five fellows there that pulled me off. I told him, "I wouldn't work for you another hour."

He said, "Don't you know my temper?"

I said, "The hell with your temper." I said, "Turn him loose." [laughs]

So they asked me to work for the packing company in another department, making the hotdogs and things like that, till they could get another man. The fellow from the sausage division come and worked in my division, and I worked in the sausage division till he could get another man. But I wouldn't work for him there any more. I quit the packinghouse, and then I went to work for the forest service again.

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I built a log cabin that burned down in 1933. It had snowed every day in February, 1933. The last day of February it stopped snowing, and it turned awfully cold. My wife was staying in town with our oldest girl, Baye, who was going to high school in Reno—and the baby, Mary Ellen. I was home with my son, Bob, and daughter, Evelyn. The children were so cold that night that I brought them to bed with me, which was a godsend, because shortly after midnight I happened to wake up, and the cabin was on fire. It practically had burned the southern part of the house and was coming right into the bedroom where we were sleeping. We had had some earthquakes, and I think the earthquakes separated the stovepipes

and a spark probably flew in and hit some of the stuff my wife had stored in the attic.

The fire burned through the ceiling, and it was burning into the bedroom when I woke up. I took and just wrapped the two children in a blanket and held them under one arm; and I don't know how I did it with good-sized children. Then I had to stoop way down to get underneath the fire and feel my way around in order to get to the door. When I started to open the door, the doorknob was so hot it burned the skin off my hand. I had to take a second hold on the doorknob in order to open the door. And there was a glass door and I ran into it with my nose, and about a year after that I took a chunk of glass out of my nose.

I got the children out. Their feet and hands were burned quite badly, but the blanket saved them from being burned otherwise. We lost everything. We didn't even save the clothes we took off when we went to bed. My wife had many beautiful things—cut glass and silver and gold from her mother's things—and even though she lost everything, I never heard her complain. She was so glad her children and me were saved. She never complained.

I went to the hospital, and I was there for eight days. My head was the same size as my shoulder, practically, from taking cold in the burns. I was burned practically all over my face, head, arms, hands and feet. My face and hands were the worst. It was just a terrible situation. I was just lucky I saved them children. If I hadn't put them in bed with me, they would have been burned to death before I even woke up.

About two weeks later I come out to the ranch on the train and walked up the canyon. I had my face still all covered with bandages, and I had to go back to my dad's house that night, but I moved up to Mr. Murphy's the next day or two with the family as soon as I could get the road open. We stayed in

town for a while with my sister, Betty, and eventually moved into my uncle Matt's place where we now live.

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During the time of the Depression, you couldn't sell a cow here to *anybody*. I joined the Farm Bureau, and I worked up a situation with the different fellows that had cattle to sell, and we got a whole trainload. We couldn't sell them here, and I went down to South San Francisco with a carload of cattle. We didn't get a good price, but we had to sell them because we couldn't feed them. After World War II, we used to drive cattle clear down to Fernley and that country. We'd have regular cattle drives and stay out all night under the stars. Sometimes, we'd buy feed down at Fernley. The snow was pretty bad here sometimes, and we got to the point where we didn't like to keep them up here because it was a possibility that they could be snowed in and we'd run out of hay. The year that I was burned, that was what happened. We ran water at the upper ranch and fed the hay all out at the lower ranch, so I had to keep that road open so I had water and hay, too. I worked from daylight through half the night.

We stopped driving cattle to the Sparks stockyards when the traffic got so bad that we couldn't do it any more...probably in the 1950s. From then on, we had to truck them in to Sparks.

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In 1935 I had a strep infection. I had made a lot of friends with the forest service, and one of the fellows I worked with in 1922 had become district ranger. He came to see me in the hospital, and he gave me a job as a lookout. I was three years as a lookout, 1936 through

1938. I was stationed at McClellan Peak, and I just watched over the whole area for smoke and things like that. I had one telephone line that went to Carson Valley and Minden, and the other one went to Truckee, and I could call different people. I stayed there for three years until I got well and strong. I think I got \$112 a month there; not very much, and I lived up at the lookout station for the most part, all by myself.

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I worked for the BLM for about a year in 1943 or 1944. I was in charge of the warehouse at Idlewild Park in Reno. I was also the broadcaster on the short-wave radio, and I used to receive fire calls, bill out fire equipment, and all that kind of stuff. Anything that the fellows from the district needed, I would have to keep track of it and charge it out to them. I kept track of where all the equipment and everything was.

I worked with other people. There was a man there who was the head guy of the whole place, and he'd come and check my books once in a while. And then I had a little run-in with a fellow by the name of Woodhall. He was a clerk, and he must have fell off a roof or something; it looked like his hands were bent up. He was ornery as heck to get along with. One day I got so disgusted with him, I run him out of the building. [laughs] I was able to tell the old supervisor what had happened, and I guess he had been a little bit inclined that way like myself.

I worked for the BLM because I had pneumonia in 1942, and I got so I was kind of not able to run the ranch. It's hard work on ranches, and I let my son Bob run that, and then I took that job till I recuperated. We moved into Reno, and the family lived on University Avenue. But I stayed practically

every day and sometimes all night at the park, because if there was a fire or anything like that, I had to stay right there and operate the radio and bill out provisions and equipment and stuff.

I didn't like living in town. [laughs] The kids seemed to like it all right; I had more trouble keeping them out of problems than I ever had on the ranch. After I got to feeling better, I went back to the ranch.

4

RUNNING THE RANCH

We made changes in ranching practices when we figured it was for the best. You did the best you could. My dad worked so hard the first couple of years on that upper ranch that he almost wore himself out. When my father and his brothers all started on the ranch together they were young people, and it was before they were married, and each one of them all worked together. But then later on when they got married, each one of them got a place of his own. My dad got that upper place, and at that time it was under willows and not leveled—hard to irrigate. That man worked like a nigger there for a couple of years; he damn near killed himself working, cutting them willows off, and he made a nice-looking ranch out of it. I'll say that for him: he was a good father, and if it hadn't been for him, there wouldn't have been a Callahan ranch, because the other boys drank. The other boys would take the butter wagon to Virginia City, and sell butter and eggs and things like that, and sometimes they'd get drunk, and they would come back without groceries and provisions. Boy, the old man used to whip the hell out of them!

Any land my dad bought, he bought with water in mind...in a way so he could corral the water on it. He was a smart operator and a hard worker. When I came along and started ranching with my dad, I basically just followed his methods more or less. There were occasions when I didn't, but my dad and I worked together.

There was one problem with my dad: if there was a schoolteacher or any female come, he was quite a ladies' man, and I would have to do the milking. Instead of him coming out to help me, sometimes I'd have to work till 12:00 at night, and he'd come out there after I'd have the biggest part of the cows milked. That made me angry. Dad liked to sit around and talk to the schoolteachers. I guess it was more or less innocent stuff, although he was quite a ladies' man and sometimes he did work it a little far. My mother used to get a little bit upset sometimes. [laughs]

Until I was about 20 or 21 years old, I just helped my dad out and helped raise my sisters and brothers. I was the oldest of the family. I didn't get paid; there was never any money to

be had. [laughs] After I got married, I told Dad things were different then. I went to work for Pacific Portland Cement Company, and I worked there for a couple of years. That was at Moundhouse, Nevada. Then he came back to the ranch, and he couldn't operate it alone. He come up there and begged me to come back with him. But it only lasted just a short time. It didn't work out after I was married.

I lived in Carson City, and commuted back and forth. I had a car, and I used to haul fellows from their homes in Carson up to Moundhouse to work up there with me. I had the car, and I had these fellows help me with the gas and stuff like that. My daughter, Evelyn, was born in Carson.

I left Moundhouse and came back to the ranch for just a while. I thought maybe I... well, Dad was up against it, and he needed my help, and I thought maybe I'd work, but it didn't work out. Then I went to work for the forest service.

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Our hay was wild grass hay. We'd planted alfalfa, but the water table was too close to the surface here, and it was too rocky. In order to have alfalfa, you've got to have your ground fairly level, and you've got to be able to plow it after five or six years. The ground here is just mountainous ranch country, and it's better to go down to Fallon and Fernley and places like that where the soil is deeper and buy alfalfa hay. Mostly we would get just one crop of hay annually. After we'd cut it, then we'd try to irrigate it and let it get a little start, and then turn the cattle on it. It was all grass hay. We'd cut it, and most of the time we just windrowed it and bunched it.

My dad had a good system. He used to have a bunch of fine-looking girls, his daughters, and he used to get one of the girls

driving the wagon and the others stacking it. Then a lot of these young guys would come up, and they wanted to show what hellish men they were, and they'd throw hay in the wagon faster than you could imagine! He had an eye for business, that old man of mine! [laughs]

The first thing you did, you cut the hay. Then you had a dump rake, and you'd go along and rake it up, and when you got your rake full, you dumped it. You usually dumped it in a row, as near as you could. Sometimes it'd be maybe not quite a rakeful, and other times it'd be a rakeful, but you'd try to keep it in a row. That way you could go right down these rows; and sometimes you'd go right down the rows and then make bunches with the rake, which was a lot of help. Then you'd clean it up with a fork. Leave it rest...set a few days, and then you'd go along with a wagon and pick it up and haul it and put it in a stack. You always centered your stack real hard and tromped it real heavy. That way, when it settled by the top, the center would be hard, and it would be the highest. Then we'd take a rake and rake it down so all the hay was slanted downward. When the rain'd come, it would run off the stack. We fixed it so we wouldn't waste much hay.

We started baling hay after World War II with horse-drawn balers. Sooner or later we got tractors, and they worked better, and then that was the end of the old horse. But when I first started in, for many years we used nothing but horses to cut the hay and to rake it—everything.

When you bale hay, you have to treat it differently than you do when you stack it. You've got to be more careful that the hay is seasoned and dried out. The bale is so compressed that it don't leave the air through, and the hay gets moldy. Horses can get sick when they eat moldy hay. It ain't so bad for

cattle as it is for horses, but it does a lot of times make the cows abort their calves.

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I was quite young when I got my first horse, but sometimes I used to ride the work horses and things like that. And usually I rode bareback; I never had a saddle till I was about 20 years old.

In 1915 we got our first car, a new Ford, on the ranch. The dealer in Reno was Howard Doyle, who later became county commissioner. It was quite a sensation. My uncle Jim Callahan bought the car. My father didn't buy one till quite some time after. He bought a Chevy in 1932. We had a lot of fun with that Ford when we first bought it.

We used horses until my dad passed away in 1940, then my son Bob and I purchased a 1940 Case tractor. We paid \$1,500 for a used tractor. We had had the horses and we just got used to it, I guess. Horses were better than a tractor on this type of land; there is a lot of rock here. Then, we didn't have much money to throw around. My area is not a very good place to figure on mechanized equipment because it's too rocky. In other words, I think the horses were probably a better idea... because they had better traction in snow, and with tractor power you broke your equipment if you went very fast.

We used horses mostly for plowing the fields to plant potatoes and grain, like oats and barley. I did this plowing and planting for more than 20 years. We sold some in Virginia City, Carson City and Reno, and used some for ourselves. Cutting hay, hauling hay, feeding hay in winter plus making fields ready in early spring...and that was most of the need we had. We had either English Shire or Percheron. The Holcombs had an English Shire stallion, and we bred a mare to him

and then we raised a stallion from that mare. And then we raised a lot of horses. After we stopped plowing and haying using the horses, we didn't have need for big horses, or draft horses. Then we started to use more or less saddle horse stock—quarter horses.

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The state passed a law, I think, around 60 to 70 years ago where they were going to kill all unbranded horses. At that time I started gathering horses and branding them, and I'd cut the end of the tail hair off. That way it looked like they belonged to someone, and they wouldn't be shot as wild horses.

We branded livestock as far back as I can remember. We always had to brand. In them days there was several other people up here that had cattle, and that's the only way you could tell yours from theirs and keep down trouble. The Callahan ranch had the MC brand for Matthew Callahan, my grandfather. We changed brands when my younger brother, Jack, was born; my dad got an iron and he made it JHC—Jack and Harry Callahan. I guess he wanted to encourage us, and I've had that brand ever since. Usually a brand for horses is smaller than the one used on cattle. A horse, you don't like to just disfigure them, to make a big mark on a horse. With the cattle, you like to have a good-sized brand so you can see it from quite a distance. But we branded the same. The brand we got was only about four inches by two inches, so it was small enough for the horses, yet usable for the cattle. We branded the cattle when they were six months old, and the brand got bigger as they grew. Here in the last 15 or 20 years, we haven't branded the horses at all.

We notched ears on our cattle. Most people make big ear marks...I always hated to see ears mutilated, so all I used was just a

little notch; it served the purpose. But I always had a brand, and we had to start registering brands about 20 years ago, more or less. It helped the brand inspectors to know whose cattle were whose. Then they had a brand book and they always had your brand and ear mark in it, and of course that way they could tell whose cattle they were.

Rustling used to be a little more of a problem than it is now. I haven't had any problem for a long time, but for quite a while after I got the car, I used to carry a .30-.30 in the rack behind my seat. That made people think. One man asked me, "What do you use that rifle for?"

I said, "Oh, just to kill skunks and coyotes."

He said, "Two-legged ones?"

"Well," I said, "if they need to be killed."

Rustling wasn't, as a rule, carried on very extensively, but there was a few...wherever you go you'll always find somebody that needs watching.

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My grandfather had mostly shorthorn cattle. I have the same kind of stock today, but I don't have the dairy-type of shorthorn; I have the beef-type now. Shorthorns were what they called a dual-purpose cattle. They were a little bigger as a rule than the beef-type cattle. But when state health regulations got so they wouldn't leave you take milk to town unless you had a big highfalutin' process, why, then I just took and put a beef-type bull in with my cows. I have bigger Durham now than most anybody else with shorthorn, because they're somewhat mixed with the old milk-type, which were a larger cattle. Mostly we stayed with the shorthorn all our lives.

Grandfather used to run around 30 to 35 cows at a time in his dairy herd. I finally...

gradually got rid of the dairy because I had to. The state put health and sanitation restrictions so strong on dairies that it required real high-priced money in order to...like a dairy barn and all these sanitary things like that. And it was not that alone; it was a long ways to haul, you know.

During the Depression, I hauled milk into Reno, and you can imagine what kind of a miserable, terrible job it was, because in them days we'd have the cattle running out on the range. I was in partnership then with my uncle Murphy that married my aunt Annie, and he used to try to get the cows in while I was running the milk back and forth to town. I peddled milk in Reno for five cents a quart during the Depression. The Depression got so bad that we only got about \$3 from a can of cream that we used to get \$10 to \$12 for.

We would get up at 3:00 in the morning and milk what cows my uncle would have brought in, and then I'd haul the milk to town and come back. Then he'd have some more cows in, and I'd milk them. He'd put the milk in the ice cold water there so the water would keep it cold. Then I'd take that in after it got chilled. Sometimes I'd go to Reno twice a day. The trip took about three hours. When I got to Reno, I peddled the milk door-to-door. I had regular customers, but I did not sell to any of the stores in town.

I had milk-type Durham cows to start with. I used to separate the milk, and I'd sell the cream to the Crescent Creamery. I fed the milk to the little calves and pigs and things like that.

I had little boxes made that would fit a quart jar, and then I had wet sacks to put over the top of my jars that kept them cool. Otherwise, the heat would spoil the milk. But most of the time I was in Reno before the sun come up.

After I got started, the Crutchfield people, up where A. S. Walker lives, knew a lot of people in Reno. Mr. Crutchfield was an actor, and he knew a lot of people. He got me started with people he knew. He lived up in this upper place west of my ranch. He had a lot of friends, and he helped me a lot to get people started to buy my milk. Then, of course, one person'd tell the other, and it wasn't long before I had more customers than I had milk for. I sold cream, but I didn't make butter. Sometimes I sold cattle...that is, veal and beef and stuff like that.

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When I was a little kid nothing was as nice to me as a little bummer lamb. I used to get them bummer lambs, and I thought the world of them, and that's how I got started. I'd raise the bummer lambs, and the first thing you know I'd have them old enough so they'd have lambs, and I just built up a small flock from that. I really like sheep, but I like cattle better, I think.

I had probably 40 to 50 head of sheep on the ranch, but you have to watch out for the coyotes. The coyotes is why I had to quit the sheep business. They got so bad they'd kill the lambs pretty near as fast as the sheep would have them, and so I had to get rid of the sheep on that account...whereas they don't bother the cows so much.

I had a lot of fights with the sheepmen, too. They'd come in and get on my range, and then they had a habit of hiring people—Bascos—that couldn't understand English. You'd go to try to tell them and, "No savvy, no savvy." Then, of course, there's only one thing I could do, and that was to start the dog on the sheep, and sometimes that worked into a fight.

The BLM and the forest service gave certain places for the sheep to cross, and

they are supposed to stay within that, because sheep and cattle don't mix. And the sheepmen, instead of crossing on their own area, would graze the whole area. Sheep eat and feed down so close that the cattle can't get it. The cattle finally get used to the smell of sheep; they've got to live side by side for quite a while in order to do that.

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I came back to ranching full-time again in 1940. My dad got old, and finally he died. He got in an automobile accident—him and my mother. They had been hit by a car while crossing a street in Reno. He wouldn't pay attention to the doctor. He wouldn't take it easy, and a blood clot broke loose that couldn't pass the heart valve, and it killed him.

The doctor said, "You're not fit to go home yet, Phil."

Dad said, "I'm going home anyhow."

He said, "Well, I won't give you your clothes."

"To hell with you; I'll go the way I am."

So, the doctor had to give him his clothes, but he promised the doctor that he would go to bed and be careful. Instead he went out and helped milk the cows and helped run the cows in. Then he went over to the schoolhouse—they were building a new schoolhouse at that time. He went over to see how they were getting along, and he took sick there, and he managed to get home, but he dropped dead when he got home.

I was partners with my uncle, Mr. Murphy, at that time on *his* ranch. And then I just finally got to running the other ranches. My other two brothers went to town and got jobs. One of them was a sheet metal worker, and the other fellow was a carpenter. They had been working in town for some time before Dad died. He was practically alone at the

ranch at the time. He had a hired man at the time he died.

The reason I really came back to the ranch was on account of Mr. Murphy. While I was foreman on the Ross ranch, I come up to see him, and the poor old fellow was almost blind. He was that bad off that he didn't even recognize me until I got to talking to him; he couldn't see me. He meant a lot to me. Him and my aunt both helped me out many times, and after my dad passed away, I finally got to running the three ranches—Matt's, Murphy's and my dad's ranch.

My dad was still alive when Uncle Murphy died. When my dad passed away, my mother ran the ranch for a while. She had cattle and a fellow to do the milking. Finally it didn't work out too good. My mother passed away in 1952. She was 76 when she died. I took over, more or less—rented the place from the family, and run it in conjunction with the other ranches.

My wife was a bookkeeper, and she helped a lot that way. After my dad passed away, it was several years before I took over his ranch. Toward the last I used to help my mother out. I always helped her out when I could. I finally leased the ranch. By that time I had the two lower ranches. Mr. Murphy passed away, and I had taken care of him and my aunt for a good many years. I bought Matt's ranch, and I had two ranches then, and I've been leasing and operating the other family ranch since 1952. I only *own* a tenth interest in it, so I leased the other interests from the other members of the family.

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I didn't really need reservoirs on the ranch. I had these springs and water from Galena Creek. I was a little worried about building dams, because sometimes you get a cloudburst, and it takes the dam. Whenever

that happens, you've got your water from the cloudburst and the water from the dam, and it can really wreak havoc with people below you and with yourself as well.

There was a flood in the late forties. Frank Sauer had put a dam in Grass Lake. There was a heavy rain, and then this cloudburst come, and it washed the whole dam out. Then the lake and the cloudburst all came down. That created more havoc with Pleasant Valley than it did with me.

On July 29, 1952, Galena Creek flooded, and it took the Callahans two years to remove the debris and stuff that the flood left on our fields. That cloudburst hit just below the peak of Mount Rose and came down Black's Canyon, and from Black's Canyon into Galena Creek, and then right on down. That's pretty steep, and it came so fast that it just took trees and everything else with it. It was an awful thing! We had trees and willows and brush...rocks and gravel and sand and mud—everything you can think of—all over our ranch. It took the Callahans two years to remove the debris. We took a team of horses and a wagon, and day after day we just picked up the rocks and the trees, and then washed the other stuff and leveled the ground again. That destroyed a lot of our pastureland. It covered it practically all over. It just practically killed it all for the time being.

During that time we just had to buy extra hay, which was very expensive. We was lucky. Molly Malone [George Malone] was a senator at that time, and he was running for office. Good thing he was running for office! I guess I got to him, and he lent me three D8 Cats that helped a great deal to level that stuff off with, and to put the creek back in its channel, because there was no more Galena Creek; it was just covered up.

I had heard the flood coming. You could hear it roaring for a long time. My mother

was up there in the house, just east of Callahan Road. So my son, Harry, and I—he was just a little guy at that time—drove up there to get her out. I had a hard time making her hurry; she didn't realize the danger of it. She wanted to get her cat and her birds and things like that, and by the time I got some of the things loaded, here comes the flood—about eight feet of water wider than 500 feet on both sides of us. So instead of taking her away from her home, I had to take everything back, and I had to practically drag her back. It was coming fast, and we had to leave her birds and things in the car. I put her and the little boy on the piano, and I took the pillows and things off the bed and piled them in between the door and the screen door, figuring that the pillows would probably break the jar of the logs and things coming down, and they wouldn't break into the house through the door.

That mud was so thick that it just barely stained the pillows. The screen just stopped the mud, and then we had a fence. It looked like God was helping us. The fence helped to turn part of the water away from the house. The fence kind of went in a V shape, and it run the water away from the house to a large extent. But I think that's what killed my mother; she died that November. Her heart couldn't take it. She was 76.

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On the Callahan ranch, to irrigate our pastureland, we got ditches, and we take the water from the creek. Of course, in dry years everybody's short of water, and you just irrigate as best you can with whatever you have. Flood irrigation is all we ever use, especially where the sod has formed; we flood the pastures. When we first plant pastures, the ground is soft and then you got to use little furrows. It's quite a problem to keep your ground from eroding.

But after you get a good grass cover over it, then you can use the flood irrigation, which we always have done because that is the best way. This country up here is not very good country to plow and to raise row crops in because it's too steep, and it would erode too quick, and you would lose your topsoil.

We had some trouble with downstream water users, and some fights over water. They were worse when we first came here. Since the federal watermaster came, that all changed; it was a good thing it did, because it's a wonder someone wasn't killed. Claude Dukes's father was the first watermaster here, and then Claude Dukes. Federal watermasters were supposed to be fair, and they were more or less fair. People realized that it was better to have someone that was responsible for that than to have people at each other's throats, because them people from the valley would come up here and ride right through our new planted wheat and oats. Of course, that makes you pretty mad. They would go to shut our water off, and we'd knock them in the creek with shovels and have fistfights and pull guns and make them put the dams back. Then they'd go and have us arrested. Of course, many a night I went to bed with bread and milk; and damn glad to get it, because lawsuits cost a lot of money. It's a wonder that someone wasn't killed, because it was pretty desperate, I'll tell you! [laughs] We ended up in court a few times over this stuff.

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When my family bought the Griner ranch, it already had water rights. Then in 1890 we bought the Ghiglieri ranch, and it had water rights. And then we bought the Patty Reynolds ground, and it had water rights. And all them together made a very good setup. Also, there's been springs and

wells right on the property. And naturally you acquire them when you acquire the land. But it worries you when you see so many people come as now, because you know all these wells and all these people using it.... It isn't quite so bad when they use it and sprinkle their lawns and things like that as when they take it down to Double Diamond ranch.

In 1962 Mr. Hale made application for a billion nine hundred million gallons of underground water. Nobody'd seen the notice in the paper, so he got it. He was going to take that water above what they call Galena Hill, down the Mount Rose Highway and across Highway 395 to Steamboat Springs. If he had done that, he would have dried up this whole area.

At that time there was nobody subdividing in here but the Galena Forest Estates men by the name of Sinai and Markwell. So I gave a 15-foot right-of-way up to that ground so I could hold the water in this area. I've known water long enough, and I know if you pour it out of a bucket it never jumps back; it never comes uphill. I knew that if that water went down there to Steamboat Springs, this country would dry up. I gave right-of-way with the understanding that if I needed the water on my ground, that it would be there; and not that alone, it would be kept in the area. What dissipated into the ground would keep the springs a-crawling.

I went up and fought it at the state engineer's office. Mr. Roland Westergard said, "I know you're right, Harry. I know what you're talking about. But I can't help you." He says, "He applied for it, and nobody's seen it or said anything against it, and so he got it. And he can take it, unless you people can use it there. If you people could use it there, I will not leave him take it down there." So I just simply had to give that 15-foot right-of-way to keep the water up there, so it would replenish

into the groundwater to keep our wells and springs a-going.

I'm fighting a fellow now by the name of Bob Weiss up here. Mr. Weiss is the man who's in back of the Galena Ski Resort development, and he's trying to ruin the watershed. Weiss claims that if you cut the timber off, you save water. You see, a good-sized pine tree will consume from 65 to 100 gallons of water a day. That is a lot of water, but by the same token that tree shades the ground, keeps the snow from melting. He says cut the trees down, and I say don't. I know that wherever you see trees and shade, you see snow longer. If he ever gets up in this area, he'll ruin all our wells, and things will all go to hell. I'm really concerned about that. Anybody that interferes with nature....

Now Bob Weiss is talking about taking sewage out, which is entirely against the agreement that I made, because sewage, when it goes down to the Double Diamond, is water, too. And that can never come back; that's gone. And that's something else that worries me, because whenever you take water out of an area like this, the only way it can come back is through rain, and we don't have very much rain here.

Weiss is proposing to run sewage lines up to his development, and the county's going to make everybody hook up to that sewer on the way down. The more sewage, the more water it takes to take it out. And that sewage goes clear down to the Double Diamond, and that's very much lower, and water will never run uphill. You know that; everybody knows that.

I gave a 15-foot right-of-way, and I never received a cent for it. I gave it with the understanding that it would help this area to keep its water. Now that's going to be entirely against the agreement I made with the water company to keep the water in this area. And it makes me wonder just whether it paid me

to give that ground or not. Of course, that kept it going for 15 or 20 years, but I figured on keeping it going forever.

I bought a section of ground for \$4.50 an acre, and I was offered \$10,000 an acre for it. I would probably have taken it, but I figured that maybe I could, having a little prestige in the county, do the right thing by the area and could keep it like it was; but it's commenced to look like my efforts are in vain. We've really given Weiss a bad time, there's no two ways about that. And we may have whipped him, and we may not have. He had multimillions of dollars behind him, which is pretty hard to fight. Let's hope I can win against him for everyone's good, including my own.

Highway 395 was going to come right through my ranch—it would have ruined my ranch. I fought it for 30 years, and finally I whipped it. It's going east of Galena Hill now. But I've been fighting since I was old enough to know what fighting was all about.

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I've always been very fire conscious...I've got so much to lose. Now, I've got timber of my own, and I've got a ranch and the watershed. I think that anybody that don't realize the value of timber, there's something wrong with their heads. In the first place, the oxygen and stuff is useful, all the throw-off—it's good for all kind of animals and mankind. Not that alone, it keeps the snow from melting and leaves your water last longer.

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We had to change from the dairy to the beef business when the oleo margarines came in about 25 or 30 years ago. They also passed ordinances that we had to build really expensive places to handle our cream

and stuff like that, and it was so far from our place to the creamery that we just decided to start and go into the beef instead of the dairy business. Actually, it's just the same with the beef situation—the cows are not worth what they eat. I'm having a hard time to feed my cattle and then come out even because these wild horses and things like that commence to eat all the hay in the area and make the price of hay come in so high. And people have quit eating beef, and it's just a real tough situation for the cattlemen.

The need to feed wild horses caused the price of hay to go from about \$55 a ton in February, 1986, to \$100 a ton as soon as them horses got in there. And it's a dirty disgrace, because them horses are used to their freedom, and now they're penned in a pen where they can't get out...in the hot sun—little colts being trampled by larger horses, stallions with their ears eaten off, things like that—it's a disgrace to the country. I mean the horses up in the federal Pyramid Lake wild horse holding pen. They are being fed hay from Fallon and there in Lovelock, and they're going to take a lot more, and the government won't sell the horses. What they should do is to sell them the same way that you would sell beef cattle. Them horses are all fat, now, and it would be far more humane to kill them horses—to sell them for meat—than it is to keep them in a pen. It's just like putting a man in the state's prison under terrible conditions, because them horses don't even have shade.

When they started to bring the horses in to these holding pens, like up in Palomino Valley, then the government had to buy hay for them. The hay sellers can get more for their hay. The government buys the best hay and pays the top price for it, so the hay sellers just simply, naturally, raise their price for everybody. And the government can afford to pay it, where the cattleman can't.

5

EPILOGUE

Being the oldest boy, I think that I probably thought more about the history of this area around the ranch than the rest of my family. Most of the girls, after they got old enough, got married. Then my brother Jack got to be a sheet metal man, and that more or less drifted him away from the place, because you could make more money as a sheet metal man than you could ranching any time. It was more a love of the area that made me stay here. I made a good living, and I done real well.

You see, I've been the only one in this area for many years that had cattle. We Callahans finally took over. We were right here on the ground, and this is rangeland, and more or less the other landowners just dropped out. That's what they were afraid of in the first place. They more or less raised hay, and a lot of times I'd buy their hay. But I was out on the ground, and I was a good rider—I had the good horses. And, I don't know, somehow or other I guess I just was a little bit better at it than they were.

There's ups and downs in the cattle business. Things happen that you can't control. I think the thing that's got the most to do with declining prices is the hormones and things they fed these young stock; that's what started it. People got to trying to make believe that beef is not good. And not that alone. I think right now the meat cutters union is the cause of paying so much to these butchers...and the electricity and the rent of the building and all. They're the ones that gets the whole thing. In other words, they're charging so much for the meat that most people can't buy it. Consequently they just make money on the small amount, and the cattleman is suffering for it. He can't sell his product, and the people can't buy it because it's too expensive. I'm not against unions—I agree with them to a certain extent—but I do realize that unions have their faults as well as their good points.

I have thought so much of having a good product. I bought high-priced bulls, and I've got some of the finest cattle in the country,

due to the fact that I kept the best and kept good bulls and things like that. I've done that for over 60 years now...and then, right when I've got things that I'm real proud of, it looks like I'm going to have to quit.

My son Bob was in ranching all his life practically; he's the only one that stayed with me. The other boy first went on as a singer and he made records and now he's a contractor. But even though Bob has been with me, the outlook is bad, and I can't blame him for figuring that he should quit farming. I got one nephew that's really interested in cattle and things like that, but it takes quite a bit to get into it. He's got a good job with the division of forestry, and I can understand that the way the cattle business is right at the present time, he must have second thoughts in order to take it over. He knows what I'm going through, and he knows it's pretty discouraging to work all your life and have a product you're really proud of and everyone else is envious of, and then all of a sudden, it's failing.

All of the recent housing development going on around the Callahan ranch affects us something terrible. Cattle want to go where there's good feed. Most of these people put in flower gardens and vegetable gardens, and the biggest part of them will not put up a fence. Naturally, your cows go where they've been used to going and where they find feed. A lot of these people don't realize that in the morning, the first thing I do is go out and check the subdivision—try to keep my cattle from bothering them. But I'm like anybody else; I've got to sleep a certain length of time. If my cows get on some of them, why, they just have a conniption fit. I have had fistfights, and I've been arrested for assault and battery. I think I'm reasonable...I try to get along with people, but there's a limit. You know, I'm Irish, and when people get too rough with me, when

they call me swear words and filthy names and get unreasonable with me.... As I tell them, I do the best I can, but I can't work day and night. I will say that I think I have handled it pretty well. During my birthday celebration, I had over 200 people come there, and that tells me that the people realize that I am trying to do the best I can. In other words, I don't think I would have that many friends unless I was a halfway decent sort of a person.

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After the death of his grandson Phillip—my brother Jack's little boy—in September 1939, my father decided to establish a family cemetery, Whispering Pines. I encouraged my father in this matter. At the time of Phillip's death, he hadn't been baptized, and the Catholic priest, Father Shallow, would not say the sermon in the church. My dad was real upset about it, and I told him, "What's the matter? You've got all kinds of land here. Why don't you make a cemetery of your own, and then you can do as you please about it, and go tell them to fly a kite." He thought that it was a real good thing, and it was his idea that the cemetery would be built there. That way it would be possible to bury any family member regardless of their religion and religious circumstance. The whole family met and decided the place and size of the cemetery.

I had a little granddaughter, Sheri Kelly—she was only six months old. The only thing that she ever did that I ever saw was look up at me and smile when I was packing her around. One night my daughter took her to bed in a cabin that is just west of where I live now. In the middle of the night I heard my daughter screaming, and I jumped up, and the little thing had passed away with crib death. Of course, her father was in the army.

Both parents were Catholics at that time, and I was a Catholic, too. But they didn't want to christen the child until he got a furlough or come out of the army, so, naturally, the little baby died without being christened. The priest wouldn't leave her be buried in the church. That ended it for me. I reasoned with him; I told him, I says, "That little child...I don't believe that God would look at the thing like you people do." I said, "That little child was as innocent because she never done any harm to anybody, and if anybody was God's child, she should be." But they wouldn't do it, so I quit the church on that account.

When my dad died my brothers and I dug three different graves, and all of them had water in them on account of irrigation. Then we went across on that side and dug that grave, and of course it didn't have water there, and that's how we decided to have that. We was digging graves for him because we picked out different pretty places on the ranch to make it. But we were under water within three or four feet of the top of the ground, so we decided that that was the place for it because it was nice and dry. My oldest sister, Florence, is also buried there, and my second sister, Gertrude, is buried there. And then my brother Jack's little boy is buried there, and my son-in-law, Clarence Jasmine, is buried there, also my little granddaughter, Sheri Kelly, who died with crib death. My daughter, Evelyn, is also buried in our cemetery. She passed away a few years ago. She used to ride with me every summer. We all miss her.

I would like to be buried there and I understand other members of the family would like to be. We would like to retain a little over four acres for the Whispering Pines Cemetery. The cemetery is a part of our family heritage, and since our parents worked hard their whole lives that we should inherit

it all, it would be shameful not to respect their wishes in this matter. It's a beautiful, secluded setting for a cemetery, and I'll fight to my death to see that their last resting place is not disturbed. I feel we owe them that, and I promised never to agree to sell the ranch until this problem is resolved.

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An old friend of mine by the name of Andy Anderson is buried in the family cemetery. He was one of the greatest friends a man could have. He came to work for me one time a good many years ago as a hay hand, and the second day he got up there he got a heart attack and he wanted to leave. I said no, nothing doing. I didn't know what at that time, but I knew that there was something wrong. Him and his family had just broken up, and I think he was upset pretty well. I says, "Where are you going to go with a heart attack?"

He said, "Well, I'll go down to Reno someplace."

"No." I said, "You stay here and take care of yourself and rest up, and anything I can do to help you, why, I'll do it." He never forgot it, and we became very great friends.

The time that my house was burned, and I had got badly burned, myself, taking and rescuing my two kids out of it.... Why, Andy Anderson had went over the grade, feeding the cattle down the canyon, and the wind got so heavy down there it just lifted the bed off the wagon. He and the wagon went down into the creek, and he got badly hurt. Even though he was crippled up—and, of course, I was badly burned; I couldn't see for about eight days from the fire—he came back, crippled up as he was, and put 200 head of cattle through that winter. He stayed with me until he died, and, of course, I buried him down there in our graveyard, the Whispering Pines.

Andy Anderson had a big family. He had 10 children, I found out later. His family come when he was buried, his sons and daughters—two or three of them came. I can't remember where Andy come from. He originally came from Denmark, but they lived in the United States, and he raised his family in the United States. I think it was Star Valley, Wyoming, where his family was, but I can't remember just exactly.

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I believe in reincarnation. I've been in places—especially when I was riding for the forest service or riding after cattle and things like that—that I know I had never been there in this life, but there was a such a strong feeling that I had been there before or had seen it that I can't help but feel that I was. I remember one time I was looking for a bunch of horses way back of Mount Rose in what they call Big Meadows. I came up over a hill, and horse tracks were thick up the trail. As I came over this knoll, I saw a little lake there and a log cabin. You know, I had an awful hard time dragging myself away from that. There was a feeling that I had lived there, and that was my home. I had that strong feeling. It was just such a powerful feeling that I can't help but think that I had been there before. I've seen a lot of beautiful places in the hills and things like that that I was really fond of, but there was a different feeling....

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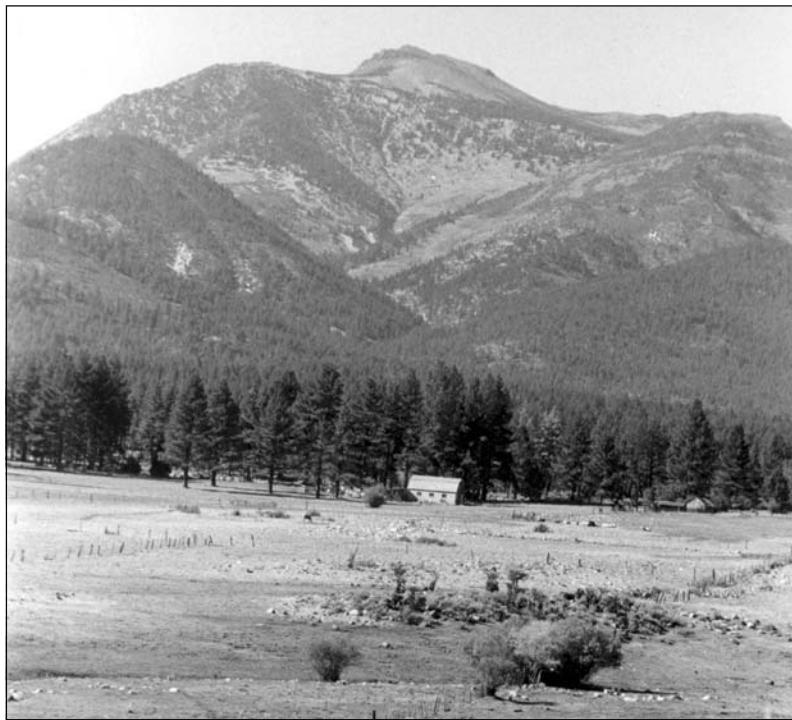
I've had a lot of happiness as a rancher. I love animals and I love nature. I always have, and I guess I got used to it when I was quite young. I think if I had to do it over again, I'd like to do it the same way. But I'll probably never have that chance again. But

the ranching situation is getting hopeless. I really worry about the future of ranching, because there's so many good ranches going under blacktop and houses, and the water is getting scarce. They're importing people from all over the world, and I really worry about the future. I look at some of these kids, and I kind of feel bad about what's going to happen.

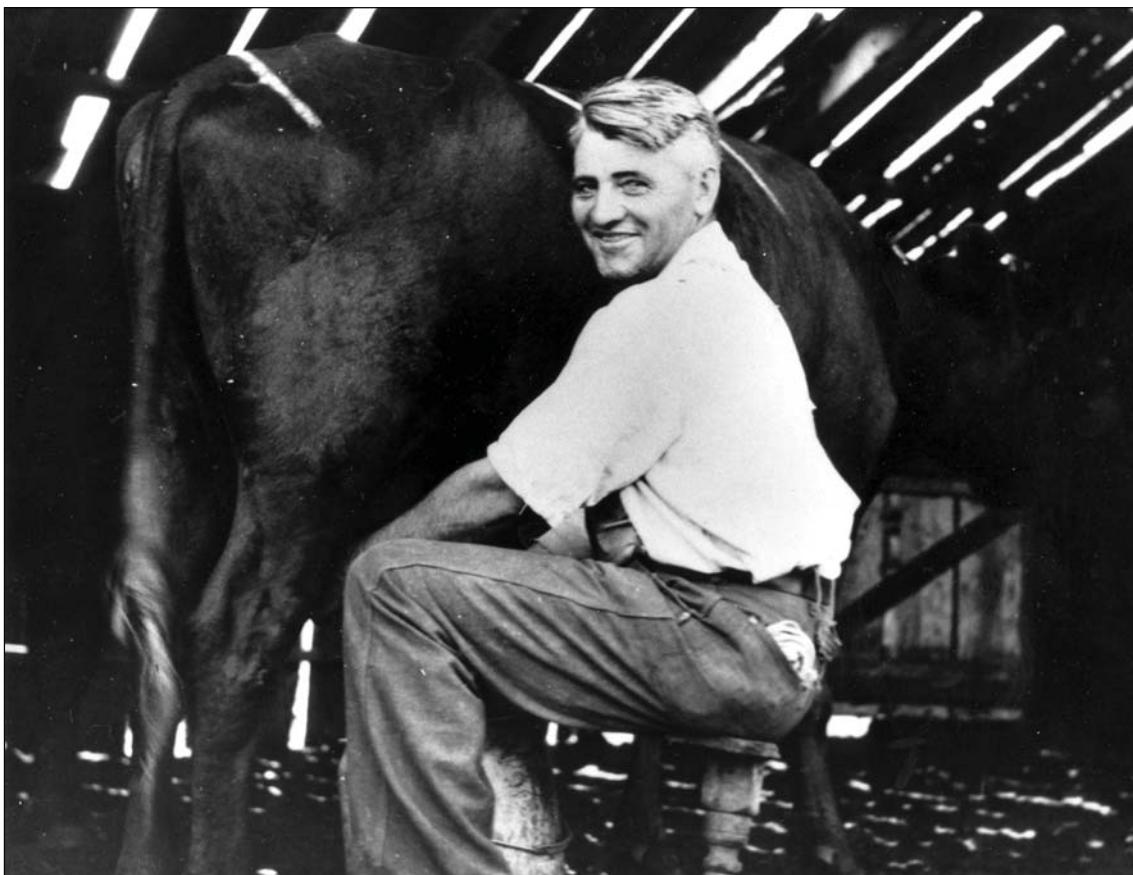
PHOTOGRAPHS



Harry Callahan in 1908.
Courtesy of Harry Callahan Collection



A scenic view of part of the lush Callahan
ranch land situated near Galena Creek.



Harry Callahan at work on his ranch about 1936.

Courtesy of Harry Callahan Collection.

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A

Anderson, Andy, 56-57
Automobiles, 42

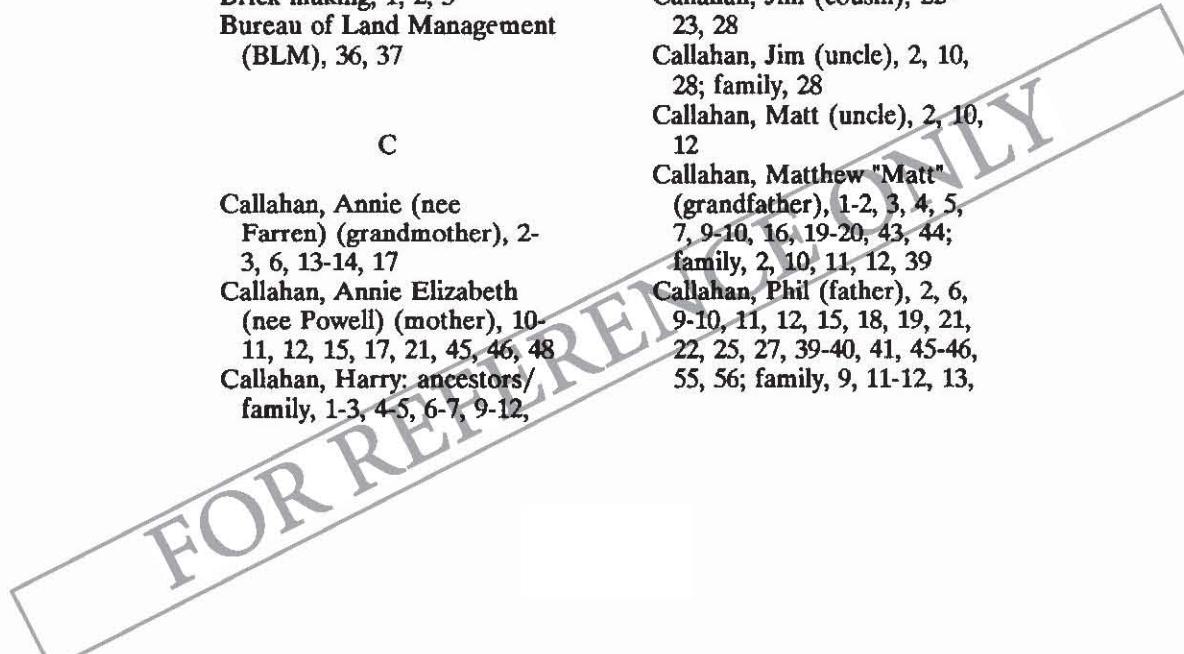
B

Barnett, Phyllis, 22, 23
Basques, 45
Bray, John Edwards, 22
Brick making, 1, 2, 3
Bureau of Land Management (BLM), 36, 37

C

Callahan, Annie (nee Farren) (grandmother), 2-3, 6, 13-14, 17
Callahan, Annie Elizabeth (nee Powell) (mother), 10-11, 12, 15, 17, 21, 45, 46, 48
Callahan, Harry: ancestors/family, 1-3, 4-5, 6-7, 9-12,

56; childhood/youth, 9, 11, 14-15, 16, 18, 20-24; education, 20-23, 25; employment, 28-34, 36-37, 40; marriage/family, 23, 26, 27-28, 31, 34, 37, 40, 54, 56; as a rancher, 12, 25, 26, 27, 35-36, 39-55, 58; recreation, 15, 24, 30-31; religion, 55-56; and World War I, 25-26
Callahan, Jack, 43, 53
Callahan, Jim (cousin), 22-23, 28
Callahan, Jim (uncle), 2, 10, 28; family, 28
Callahan, Matt (uncle), 2, 10, 12
Callahan, Matthew "Matt" (grandfather), 1-2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 9-10, 16, 19-20, 43, 44; family, 2, 10, 11, 12, 39
Callahan, Phil (father), 2, 6, 9-10, 11, 12, 15, 18, 19, 21, 22, 25, 27, 39-40, 41, 45-46, 55, 56; family, 9, 11-12, 13,



15-18, 19, 20-23, 24, 25, 29, 40-41, 46, 53, 55-56
Callahan, Phil (great-uncle), 1
Callahan, Violet (nee Fitzgerald), 26, 31, 35, 46
Callahan ranch, 2, 3-6, 7, 9, 10, 12-14, 16-18, 19, 20, 25-26, 27, 28, 29, 31, 32, 34-36, 39-52, 53, 54-57; branding, 42-43; cemetery, 55-56; dairying (*see Cattle industry*); and the Depression, 35-36, 44; effect of real estate development, 49-51, 54; equipment, 41, 42, 47-48; fires, 13-14, 34-35; flooding, 47-48; food supplies/preparation/preservation, 16-17, 44; and hard winter of 1889-1890, 5-6; haying, 40-41, 42, 52; livestock (*see Cattle industry*; Horses; and Sheep industry); medical practices, 10, 11; purchase of, 2, 3-4, 5-6, 49, 51; ranch hands, 19, 20, 56-57; ranch houses/structures, 12-13, 14, 19, 32, 34; social life, 7, 13, 24; transportation, 13, 20, 21, 24, 42; utilities, 19; water rights/supplies, 3, 4, 39, 47, 48, 49-51; and World War I, 25-26, 28
Carson City, Nevada, 2, 25
Catholics, 11, 55-56
Cattle industry, 3-4, 5-6, 16, 17, 28, 35-36, 41, 43-45, 51-52, 53-54; branding, 43; cattle drives, 35, 36; dairy-ing, 5, 16, 18, 44-45, 51-52; and the Depression, 35-36, 44; diseases, 28; and hard winter of 1889-1890, 5-6;

haying, 40-41, 52; market/prices, 35, 53-54; predators, 17; range use/open range, 3-5, 45, 54; rustling, 43; unions, 54
Coffin, Mr., 32
Con. Virginia mine (Comstock), 32
Crutchfield, Mr., 44-45

D

Dairying. *See Cattle industry*
Depression (U.S.), 22, 35-36, 44
Doyle, Howard, 42
Dukes, Claude, 49

F

Faretto family (Steamboat Springs ranch), 4
Farren, Harry, 2; family, 2, 3
Fires: on the Callahan ranch, 13-14, 34-35
Fitzgerald, Ellen Delia (nee Smith), 26, 27
Fitzgerald, Michael, 26
Floods, 47-48
Forest Service, U.S., 28-31, 36

G

Galena School, 22-23
Ghilieri family, 5-6
Ghilieri ranch, 5-6, 12. *See also* Callahan ranch
Griner (Jacob) family, 27
Griner (Jacob) ranch, 3-4, 5. *See also* Callahan ranch

H

- Hale, Mr., 49
Hard winter (1889-1890), 5-6
Hogan, Patty, 6
Horses, 29, 31, 41, 42, 43;
raising of, 29, 42, 43; wild,
42, 52

I

- Ice industry, 12, 17
Indians, 19-20
Italians, 4

L

- Logging, 31-32
Luther Grade, 5

M

- Malone, George "Molly," 47
Marks, Lila, 22
Mining and milling, 12, 18-
19, 26, 31-32
Mormons, 26-27
Mount Rose Highway, 30
Murphy, Annie (nee
Callahan), 2, 12, 20
Murphy, James "Jim," 2, 32,
44, 46, 47

N

- Nevada Packing Company
(Reno), 33-34

P

- Peckham ranch, 16
Powell, John Wesley, 10
Pryor, Jack, 3
Pryor, Mary (nee Farren), 2,
3

R

- Ranching, 3-6, 16, 17, 18, 19,
20, 24, 26, 28, 35-36, 39-52,
53-54, 58; cattle industry, 3-
4, 5-6, 16, 17, 18, 28, 35-36,
41, 43-45, 51-52, 53-54; and
the Depression, 35-36; and
hard winter of 1889-1890,
5-6; horses, 29, 41, 42, 43;
predators, 17, 45; range
use/open range, 3-5, 45,
54; sheep, 45; and World
War I, 26, 28
Reno, Nevada, 6, 10, 16, 17,
36, 37, 44
Reynolds (Patrick) ranch, 6
Roads and highways, 5, 13,
30, 51

S

- Sheep industry, 45; pred-
ators, 17, 45; range use, 45
Simon lead mine (Mina,
Nevada), 26, 27

T

- Tahoe, Lake, 30
Teamsters, 4
Timber supplies, 50, 51

U

U.S. 395 (highway), 51
Utilities, 12, 18-19

V

Virginia City, Nevada, 2, 3, 5,
9-10, 12, 18-19, 25, 32
Virginia and Truckee
(V & T) Railroad, 15, 24,
32

W

Washoe School, 20-22
Water rights/supplies, 3, 4,
39, 47, 48, 49-51
Weiss, Bob 50-51
Westergard, Roland, 50
Whispering Pines Cemetery
(Callahan ranch), 55-56, 57
Women, 10, 13, 16, 20, 23
Works Progress Administra-
tion (WPA), 22
World War I, 25-26, 28

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